TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XLIX. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1881. NO. 33

NASBY IN EXILE.

The Confederate X Roads Sage in Europe.

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IX.

PORTSMOUTH.

Way down upon the Southern coast of England, is an old town of more than ordinary interest. Everybody is familiar with that great depot for England's naval and military forces—Portsmouth.

The run down from London is one of delight. That is it would be if it were not for the fact that the stolid Briton will not keep pace with the times, and introduce upon his railroads modern carriages, in which a traveller may ride with some degree of comfort. He refuses to abandon the ancient compartment carriage, which is the most abominable arrangement conceivable. The cars, as we would call them, are about half the size of our ordinary passenger coaches, but instead of being large, roomy and convenient, they are exactly the reverse. They are divided into compartments, each one of which will hold 10 persons, five on each side, facing each other.

After looking your place—instead of having your ticket, although really you do buy a ticket, you take your seat in one of these compartments, in which are nine other persons. Thereupon the guard, about like our brakemen, locks the door and you are a prisoner until the next station is reached.

There are absolutely no conveniences. You are simply compelled to sit bolt upright in a close, tuffy room in company with nine other persons whom you don't know and don't care to know. You can't walk from one end of the car to the other, because there is no aisle, as in our cars. You can do nothing but sit there and think what reforms you would inaugurate were you only a Board of Directors on one of the roads.

It is possibly a finicky sort of a person who would object to trifles, light as air, but there be breaths that are not as light as air, and they are no trifles. You travel second or third class, and there shall be nine sturdy Englishmen smoking short pipes, or villainous cigars, with their breaths ornamented with every variety of vile bad liquor that the combined genius of the liquor compounders of all nations can produce. Likewise there are fleet innocent of baths. If you happen to have an end seat you may let down the window and get fresh air, but heav en help you if you are in the middle. You inhale the fumes till a state approaching intoxication ensues, but you must sit there all the same, for there is no escape. Such a debauch may be cheap, but I never did like anything second hand, second hand intoxication least of all. I vurily prefer original sin. And then imagine the pleasure of traveling in such company as one must necessarily be thrown into by this sys'em. The terrible tragedy on the Brighton Road recently gives a good idea of some of its beauties. A well to do merchant living in the country had been to London to make some sales of land, and was spotted by an impecunious wretch, who had previously known him. The merchant, whose name was Gold, left London on the afternoon train, and was alone in one of these compartments, securely locked with the villian, whose name was Lefroy. It seems from the facts of the case as gathered by the police that while between two stations Lefroy attacked Gold. There was a violent struggle, during the course of which Lefroy killed Gold, rifled the body and threw it out of the window, as it was found by the roadside. When the guard unlocked the compartment at the next station Lefroy invented some flimsy story about some mysterious shooting, to account for the presence of the blood, and actually made his escape.

How utterly impossible such a tragedy would have been in an American car. But here the victim had absolutely no method of calling for or obtaining assistance. The two were alone, locked in the compartment, and the cries of the wretched man as he realized his danger, were drowned by the noise of the train thundering along at 60 miles an hour.

But to return to Portsmouth. The scenery from London is simply charming. The train rushes along, after leaving the fog and smoke of London far in the rear, through the garden land of England. The fields are all cultivated, the farm houses ancient and peculiar, have an air of solidity and comfort, and an occasional castle lends variety to the scene and makes the picture perfect.

The towns through which the road passes are, of course, all very old. They abound in red tiled houses of antique pattern, narrow streets, that at the end of the village loose themselves in beautiful lanes, fringed on either side with long rows of stately trees that shade the closecut hawthorn hedges. But over all these is an air of age. Everything is finished. Everything is complete. There have been so many old towns visited, so many old buildings inspected, that it would be a positive relief to see a brand new house, painted white, with green shutters, whose gable roof glistens in the sunlight with its new pine shingles. But, alas! that cannot be. Here everything is old and purely English.

Portsmouth was reached after a delightful run of two and a half hours, and soon after we were snugly quartered in the quietest hostelry imaginable, our comfortable room overlooking an arm of the sea, upon which were all manner of craft, from the diminutive dory to the massive merchantman.

Portsmouth is, and always has been, one of England's strongest points. Situated in a most commanding position it has been an invaluable factor in her matter of defenses. Only five or six miles away, the Isle of Wight runs for miles parallel with the coast, forming a narrow passage through which the vessels for a foreign nation, if they intended to make a hostile landing in that neighborhood, must pass. Spithead, the famous place of entry and departure of vessels, is just off Portsmouth, and is guarded, as is the passage by two immense stone forts, built at no end of labor and money, directly in the channel, effectually protecting that entrance. And then to make things more secure, there is a series of three forts on the Isle of Wight, while Portsmouth, to speak within bounds, is made up almost entirely of forts.

At first one wonders why England finds it necessary to keep these forts, and the heavy force of soldiers required to garrison them. At Portsmouth is one of the largest, if not the largest, dock yard in the world, upon the safety of which the fate of the nation's navy depends. And again, if that point, strong as it is, and affording such excellent opportunities for the protection of the southern coast, were to fall into the hands of another nation, half the battle would be lost. And your English are great Generals. In times of peace they prepare for war, and keep all things in readiness for any emergency, no matter how sudden nor how severe it might be.

The harbor is a beautiful one and full of interest. Of course there is the inevitable waterman, with his tarpaulin hat and tight fitting "Jersey," who beseeches "Yr hon'r," to let him row you about. And of course he carries his point.

The very first thing he does, before you can admire the strange species of ships that are on every hand, is to row you directly to Lord Nelson's flag ship, the "Victory," on which the gallant sailor died, at the battle of Trafalgar. But one is not sorry at that, for Nelson's character was one that compelled the admiration of every one who had ever studied him and his glorious achievements. With what a thrill then one stands upon the very deck upon which he trod during one of the most brilliant sea fights in the annals of history, to go upon the gundecks where he commanded his gallant sailors. With what feeling of sadness one stands on the spot where he stood when the deadly leaden ball of some French sharpshooter gave him his death wound, and with uncovered head bows before the spot where the soul of the greatest, bravest sailor the world ever knew, winged its way amid the smoke and horror of battle to the peaceful haven of the great hereafter.

It does not seem possible that the great, clumsy looking vessels that were used in those days could even be navigated, to say nothing of fighting with them. The "Victory," which is only one of a half dozen of the same kind now laid up—put on the retired list—in Portsmouth Harbor, is a huge floating castle, and required when in commission 1,000 men to operate her. She is 58 feet from the main deck to the hold, though she seems, with her four decks above the water line, to be even higher than that. Comparing her with the long, narrow iron clad of today, it requires a considerable stretch of imagination to realize that she was really in service, and no slight service either.

A two hour's trip around the harbor is one of constantly increasing interest. There are ships and ships. Here are immense men-of-war, full rigged and ready for a cruise, alongside of which is a trim yacht flying the pennant of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Here a huge merchantman with a cargo from Bombay perhaps. Beyond, a great white steamer, larger than the transatlantic passenger steamship, that takes England's soldiers, these same red coated fellows we see strutting about here with their diminutive caps jauntily perched over their left ear, out to India to help keep the natives quiet and subdued. Right here is the Queen's private yacht, the "Albert and Mary," a vessel of large dimensions, and fitted up in the most exquisite manner. This is the ship the Queen takes her little excursions in, and occasionally sends it across the channel to bring over some distinguished personage whom she wishes to honor.

Near this palatial steamer, as though to make the contrast all the greater, is an old man-of war, built years ago, and found now to be of no use, either for the purpose for which it was originally built, or for the carrying trade. So it lies there a worn out monument of the past, gradually yielding to the ravages of time.

But the great point of interest in Portsmouth is the dockyard, the finest in the world. A thorough survey of it would take three or four days, but stroll of four or five hours gives one a fair idea of what it is. Here the mammoth vessels belonging to England's naval equipment are taken for repairs, and the dry docks, of which no description is sufficient to convey a definite idea of their size and general appearance, are constantly filled with them. These docks are magnificent specimens of masonry, some of them being acres in extent, and built in the most solid, substantial manner. In the great buildings fronting on the water are vessels of all sizes and descriptions in course of construction, some ready to launch and others in the first stage of the work.

Just now the workmen are engaged in putting the finishing touches on a great iron clad turret ship, of which England is very proud. And well she may be, for the "Inflexible" is really a wonderful vessel, with her two turrets bearing each two guns of 80 tons weight. The turrets, made of heavy iron plates, are made to revolve by machinery, so that the guns may be fired in any direction. The loading and cleaning is all done by ingeniously arranged machinery, worked by hydraulic pressure. In fact all over the ship steam-power is used wherever it is possible, and in some instances where it seems almost impossible. She is built entirely of iron, and seems impregnable. As one gazes upon her monstrous proportions, her terrible facilities for dealing death and destruction, there comes involuntarily the wish that there may never be an occasion when her loud mouthed and frightfully effective services may be required.

Impregnable as she seems to be, English mechanics are busy inventing guns to pierce her. That is going on all the time. They construct a vessel which will resist any gun they have, and then construct a gun which will pierce the vessel. Where it will end the Lord only knows. In England the irresistible is always meeting the immovable, and vice versa.

After a day spent in the midst of all these places suggestive of war with its terrible sequences, it was a pleasure, in the evening, when the light sea breeze tempered the heat that had been so oppressive, to stroll down to the "Old Fort," as it is called, though it bears but faint resemblance now, to an effective fortification. Its heavy stone abutments that was once crowned with cannon, are now covered with moss; the cannons have been taken away, and in their stead are rustic seats around which happy children laugh and play, while their nurses sit talking of their red coated favorites in the adjoining barracks. There is an air of peace and harmony, of war days done away with, that is only disturbed by the occasional sight of a sentry who paces his beat in front of the barracks. Standing upon a parapet, overlooking the sea, one forgets for the time the fact that he is in the very midst of that oppressive power, the strong arm of the soldier, and gives himself up to kindlier thoughts, brought up by the marvelous beauties of the scene spread out before him like the mystic picture painted by fairy hands. The sea, over which the last rays of the sinking sun dance and shimmer, is just rippled with a light breeze that sends the graceful yachts skimming merrily over its surface. The misty outlines of the Isle of Wight, half hidden by a delicate purple haze, gradually fade from sight as the sun sinks lower and lower, and throws a broad path of golden light along the bright blue water. As it sinks into the sea, a great globe of brilliant red, a stately ship, with graceful masts rising high in air, cuts the path of golden light, and for an instant is clearly outlined against the flowing orb. Every mast, every rope, even, can be seen clearly and distinctly, against the beautiful background. For an instant every outline is tinged with gold, then it passes slowly on, the sun sinks beneath the waves, and then comes the soft twilight, when one "sinks into reveries and dreams."

This reverie and dream business is all very well for awhile, but it cannot last, and the awakening is not pleasant. The good old town of Portsmouth, with its historical memories, the beautiful harbor filled with so much that is interesting must be left for others to enjoy while we go back to London and resume the routine of sight seeing; that is, to draw it mildly, becoming just a trifle tiresome. One can have too much of even London.

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN AMERICAN SHOWMAN, WITH A LITTLE INSIGHT INTO THE SHOW BUSINESS.

Right in the heart of London—if London may be said to have any heart—is a tavern kept by an American, which is the headquarters of the American "profession" as showmen delight to call themselves. You can never go there without meeting managers, nigger minstrels, song-and dance men, unappreciated actors, and all sorts of people who prefer living from hand to mouth and wearing no shirts, in this way, than to having a fortune at any regular business. I go there frequently from sheer loneliness, and to hear the kindly American language spoken. And besides, a man alone is generally in bad company, for the heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked. Any company that is fair to middling is better than none at all. Even a hostler can tell you something you don't know. You may excel him in the philosophy of finance, but when it comes to horses you are nowhere.

I met one circus manager who is over here, as he expressed it to "secure talent," and he proved a delight. He was short, and very thick, and wore a sack coat, of a rough material, and a little mastiff followed him about constantly. His hat and necktie were something too utterly gorgeous for description, his face was of a peculiarly puffy purple, and his nose blazed like a comet. And he would sit and talk of his business by the hour, keeping before him all the time a glass of British brandy and water, which he pronounced "goodish." You could be sure he was a showman as far as you could see him. My first interview with him was something like this:—

"I shall have the biggest list of genooine attractions that ever was taken across the Atlantic, and if I don't astonish the showmen of our great country as well as the people, I'm a sinner. I have got a baby elephant, and a genooine bobulus, capchered by Stanley in the interior of Africa, at a great loss of life, and I am after a performer sich as the world never seen. She does an act on the trapeze that is so risky that sooner or later she *must* be killed. There ain't any doubt about it. I have seen her. She runs up a rope like a squirrel, and jumps from a horizontal bar twenty feet, catching hold of her pardner's hands, and then plunges down from his body head-fust, at the frightful attitood of 70 feet, catchin a rope within 20 feet of the ground. If the lights are ever wrong by a half inch, or if she ever miscalculates a hair's breadth she is a goner, sure."

And the enthusiastic old gentleman rubbed his hands in glee, as though the death of a performer was a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

"Do people enjoy such perilous feats?"

"Enjoy em! Enjoy em! Why, bless your innocent soul, a feat ain't nothin'—won't draw a cent unless it's morally certin that the performer will break his neck. This woman I'm after draws crowds every night, because she must kill herself. The trick is so dangerous that men make bets every night she will miss her lucky, and be carried out a corpse. I'm a goin to have that woman, no matter what the salary is. She does this trapeze act, and then goes on in the first part of the minstrel entertainment after the big show. Oh, she's got talent into her."

"But if the performance is so hazardouzs, and she should be killed, would it not entail a heavy loss upon you?"

"Killed! Loss! Where was you born? My child, there never was a feat so dangerous that there ain't a thousand wouun' to attempt it, and they'll do it. When Mademoiselle Zhoubert gits killed, as she will, I'll hev to hold a lev vee to decide atwixt the dozen who will want to take her place. I'll select one of 'em, give her a French name—you can't get on in the perfesh with a English name—and she'll go on and do it, and do it jist as well. And then wat an advertisement it is. This will be about the size of it:—

"The management begs to state that since the untimely death of Mamselle Zhoubert, at Cincinnati, it was doubtful if another lady competent to fill her place could be found. The feat was so difficult, so dangerous, and required such arduous training and such wonderful nerve that it was feared that this leading attraction of the world's aggregation would have to be omitted. There was only one other such artiste in the world—Mamselle Blanche, but she was engaggaged at the Cirque Imperial, Paris. The management knows no such word as fail, and a commissioner was dispatched at once to Paris, with unlimited powers to treat for this stellar attraction, this acme of talent. At an expense which would bankrupt any other establishment, conducted by narrow minded managers which advertise more and perform less, she was secured and is now with us.

"Mademoiselle Blanche not only performs the original feat of the sincerely-mourned Zhoubert, but adds to it one so much more dangerous, as to make her's seem insignificant and commonplace. Mademoiselle Blanche will appear at each and every performance, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding."

"That'll fetch 'em."

"Dangerous feats! why, I run a whole season on a lion that had once eaten a keeper. The people come in crowds, expecting every day to see him make a breakfast of his trainer."

"Was he actually dangerous?"

"Dangerous! He et another trainer, and then I lost him. His widder was actilly in love with her husband, and she swore the animal should be killed, and the people sided with her, and as the broot was gittin old, and the killin made a sensation, I did it. But I made all there was out of it. I insisted that the husband shood have a gorgeous funeral.

"The woman kicked at the idea of a funeral, for she sed there was nothing to berry, as the lion had eaten her husband."

"But ain't the dear departed in the lion? If we berry the lion, don't we berry the dear deceast? Cert."

"And we hed it and it was gorgeous. We hed a percession with all our wagons in it, the regeler street parade, only all the riders hed black scarfs on em and the wagons and hosses and elephants and sich was draped in black—mourning goods is cheap—and the band played a dead march.

"The widder was in an open cariage in full mournin, with a white handkerchief with a black border, to her eyes, lookin on his minatoor. Ther wasn't no minatoor, but she held a case jist the same.

"That nite the canvass coodent hold the people, and we run on that two weeks to splendid biz.

"In two weeks the woman got over her grief, and went into the lion trainin line herself, ez 'Senorita Aguardiente, the Lion Queen.' I give her some old lions to practis on, and in less than a month she cood do jist as well as the old man. She was a good woman, too. She rid in the grand entree, and rid in the 'Halt in the Desert,' did the barl act, rid a good pad act, and is now practisin bare back. She juggles tollable, and does a society sketch song-and dance in a side show.

"When I git talent I pay it and keep it. My Treasurer changes the names of my people every season, so as to have always fresh attractions. Oh, I know my biz."

"But that wuzn't all I made out uv that afflictin event. I went and hed a moriment made and sot up over his grave, and I hed cut onto it this inscripshen:

Here Lies
The Body of the Famous Ferocious Lion
EMPEROR,
Which Contains the Body of
SENOR SERONIMO CASTILLO,
The Celebrated "Lion King,"
For Many Years Connected With
BLOSS'S
Stupendous and Unapproachable International Aggregation.
The Best Circus and Most Wonderful Collection of Wild Beasts and Natural Curiosities in the World.
SENOR CASTILLO
was devoured by the ferocious animal while exhibiting him under the spacious tents of the International Aggregation, in St. Louis, Aug. 10, 1871.
He was a worthy man, a talented performer, and died cheerfully in the discharge of his duty.
His place in the Great International Aggregation is more than filled by
SENOR TOMASO CREVADO,
Of the Royal Menagerie, Madrid, who daily enters the den of a still more ferocious Lion than Emperor, at the
RISK OF HIS LIFE.

His sorrowing widow still does her unapproachable act of Equitation and Prestidigitation, in the Great International Aggregation, with which her devoured husband was so long connected, and may be seen at each and every exhibition.

While mourning the loss of our friend, the Great Aggregation travels as usual, and exhibits without regard to weather, twice each day. Lion Kings may die, but the Great International Aggregation is immortal.

"The widder insisted on hevin a Scripteral quotashen on the moniment, and it took me a good while lookin up suthin appropriate. I know more about circus than I do about Bible. But when I set out to do a thing I do it. Ez the two hed lived together, and died together, for cert, it struck me that this wuz about the racket, and I put it on:

They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided.—2d Sam. 1st, 23.

I had the moniment did in galvanized iron, and it will stand there for 40 years, and every visitor to that cemetery will know suthin about the Great International. I wrote it modest, for I didn't want it to look too much like an advertisement, though, of course, I wanted to get all I could out of the afflictin event.

Ordering another brandy cold, the pleasant old gentleman murmured more reminiscences. He had always had a penchant for wild Indian troupes, and since the Zulu war, for Zulus, and he flowed on about them:

'Foggarty," said he, "was the best Zulu I ever had, and I have had a hundred of 'em. He laid over the lot. He entered into the spirit of the thing and did the bizniss conscientiously. When he came outside with a iron girdle about him, and a pizen spear, he lept in dead earnest, he did. He made it mighty lively for the keeper to hold him, and he howled so like a savage that he skeered the wimin and gals to a degree that they couldn't help goin in to see him. Foggarty was a great man, and hed talent. He was the best Modoc Chief I ever had. O Finnegan cood lay over him on the green corn dance, and possibly drest the best, but Foggarty's war whoop was suthin sublime. We hed him one season as Scar-Faced Charley, and the next as Shack-Nasty Jim, and he did himself proud in both.

"And then there wan't no dam nonsensense about him. He wood peel out of his Injun clothes, and go and clean the lamps, and help pack, or do anything. Before the doors opened he'd do canvassman, and howl at the door, and at the door he'd play the bass drum or grind the organ with cheerfulness. In the street parade of the big show he was, for five years, our Washington, the father of his country, standin on a revolvin pedestal. Then jist as soon as he got his dinner he'd help git up the canvas, and then skin into his Zulu rig, and after that he'd peddle lemonade, or do anything to make hisself yoosful.

"But a woman spiled him. Wimin spile a great many good men. We hed a woman, Biddy M'Caty, wich was doin the Circassian lady with hair to her heels, you know 'em and sometimes the bearded lady. Likewise, she was a Chinese knife thrower, and Foggarty yoosed to do the Chinaman she throwed her knives at.

"Well, Foggarty, seein' that she was an Irish girl, and he an Irishman, cood'nt no more help fallin' in love with her than fire kin help burnin' tow. He got it into his head that ef he cood marry a gal with so much talent, he might some day have a side show of his own. And then as time rolled on and they hed kids, he cood train 'em up to the family business, and do things cheap. He wanted to be a Bearded family, or a Zulu family, or a Jap family, or suthin, and so he married Biddy, and they went double.

"Biddy hed a will of her own, and besides she would git drunk. Rum spiles more talent in the perfesh than anything else. She had a trick of bein' Foggarty, and she led him the devil's own life. It was at Leroy, New York. She had him on as the Bearded Woman, and as the Circassian Lady, and hed sold all the photographs she cood, and hed changed to go on as the Chinese Knife Thrower, from Hang Fo. Foggarty hed changed to a Chinaman—Lu Fu, the Wizard—when I diskivered that Biddy hed bin drinkin'. I warned Foggarty to look out, for she was ugly, but he laughed, and said she wouldn't hurt him, and went on.

"You hev seen that act. Foggarty stands agin a board with his arms spread out, and the China woman throws knives all around him. She puts 'em between his fingers, and clost to his neck, and between his legs. Biddy could throw a knife within a hair of where she wanted it to go. She hed talent, as I sed.

"But that day she was ugly. She and Foggarty hed hed it hot, and when she came in twistin her queue, I knowed suthin was goin to happen. She throwd six or eight knives all right, and then one went whiz. It took off Foggarty's second finger on his right hand, as clean as a butcher's cleaver could do it. And Biddy fired the rest of the knives at him and rushed out yellin, "Be gorra, Mike Foggarty, and ye'll bate me over the head with a tent pin agin, will ye? Ye'll hev one finger less to do it wid, onyhow."

Most men would hev abandoned the perfesh with that finger off, but while it was bein dressed Mike whispered to me, "Put it on the bills that the Zulu Chief lost the finger by a English saber, at the battle—where was the battle?"

I hev Foggarty yet, but Biddy broke his heart and he aint as good as he was. She run away with the Cannibal from the Friendly Islands, who cood do the tight-rope, and fire-eatin, and they are doin hall shows and the variety business together. He taught her to do a song-and-dance as well as fire-eatin, and she is now "Mlle. Lulu Delmayne." They do society sketches, too. Foggarty is jest as willin as ever, but the blow was too much for him. He goes with us next season as a Zulu, and also leckters the sacred Burmese cattle, and has a part in the wild persaie scene, and fires the calliope. He can't do Washington any more, for he has rheumatiz and can't stand an hour with his right hand in a military coat. He's practisin to be a lion tamer, but I don't bleeve it'll do. He may git to play the snake, but that is about as high as he'll ever git in the perfesh."

The next day the old gentleman departed for the continent to secure his "stellar attractions," and I saw him no more.

Written For the Blade.

MORE PANGS AND FEARS

Than Wars or Women Have.

BY JOHN M'ELROY.

Harry Glen's captors hurried on with him, to overtake the main body, which was making the best of its way back to Cumberland Gap. Onward, ever onward through the night, scrambling up narrow, rough roads, as they climbed the ascents, trotting, pacing and galloping with immense clatter down the stony descents, pressed four-score horses and four score horsemen—four score lean, gaunt, wiry, but sure-footed horses, whose rough sides and limbs had received no other currying than that given them by the roadside brush; four score lean, gaunt, wiry riders, sharp faced and jackal-eyed, whose long hair seemed as much a stranger to the comb as their hores' hides. But unkemptness in man and beast was not inconsistent with the former sitting on their steeds in unshakeably firm seats, nor with the latters picking their way through the boulders and gullies that broke the road everywhere with never failing steps, and a surprising swiftness.

Midnight passed, and early morning came, and still they scrambled onward, through the bright moonlight that made the hill-tops as light as day, and seemed to wake all the sweet, balsamic odors of the pines, and cedars, and dying leaves, through the dense darkness of the wooded valleys, in whose gloomy depths might have lurked all the monsters of fable.

A duller man than Harry Glen could not have failed to understand that he was in mortal danger every step of this journey. The natural hatred of the passionate, ignorant men surrounding him against all who wore his uniform was intensified by the failure of the expedition, and they were too new to war not to be embittered and depressed by the killing of comrades, who were also their kinsmen and neighbors.

Every utterance that reached his ears contained bitter regrets for the slain, and still more bitter denunciations of all Abolitionists' in mass generically and himself specifically.

"What's the use o' totin' him any further?" said one who had ridden near him all the time—a sinister eyed man with a scant beard, and a bloated face. "Tear's no tellin' when he'll give us the slip. These hyar Yankees hev more tricks nor the devil himself, an the fust thing we know he may be nowhar. Why don't the captain gin the word to finish the job, an' make sure while we kin?"

"That's what's been a botherin' me," echoed a lowering blackbeard riding by his side. "My way'd 've been to've left him layin' alongside o' poor Bill Hartman." He ain't worth fetchin' a step away. What's the Captain's idee, I wonder?"

If there was any art to read the workings of the mind in the face the main "idee" of the sullen man riding a sleek thorobred at the head of the column was disgust and rage at the turn things had taken, and solicitude as to what kind of a report he could make of this first encounter that would bring him any credit for soldiership.

"I'll settle the thing myself," said the first speaker. "Ez we go through the next dark bottom, I'll revenge Cousin Harvey, any way."

"I can't exackly see why hit's any more your place to shoot him on account o' Harvey Willis than hit's mine to settle with him fur Bill Hartman. Bill's my fust cousin on my mother's side, an' Harvey wuz only your second, an you never keered powerfully fur him while he wuz alive. By rights this Yank's my meat, an' I orter to hev the fust whack at him, an' I'm sgwine to, too."

"No, yer not. Yer can't steal my ideas from me that a-way. How kin I go home an' meet Harvey's young wife without tellin' her I done somethin' to pay up fur her husband. Our folks is the kind that believes in an eye fur an eye, an' a tooth fur a tooth. That's the name we hev up in our mountings."

"You've got no better name fur gittin' even with yer inimies every time than we hev, I tell ye; nary a time ye haint. My sisters 'd whip me away from home with their gyarters ef I didn't do my share towards keepin up the family honor. An' I tell ye I'm sgwine to hev this feller, in spite o' yer."

"Ye can't noway, onless yer a durned sight spryer an' surer with yer weepins nor I am, an' I know ye haint that."

Sufficient of this colloquy reached Harry's ears through the clatter of the horses' hoofs against the stones to make it very clear what was impending for him.

With the first thrill of terror accompanying this knowledge came the tumultuous impulse to make an earnest appeal for mercy,—to even throw himself at the Captain's feet and beg for his life with the importunity of mortal fear. But the next instant this was stilled by the fast-following conviction of its entire hopelessness. There could be no doubt that every one of those around him was firmly resolved upon his death, and it would be accomplished in some manner before the morning came to end the terrible night. Why therefore resist the inevitable? Why humiliate himself needlessly before enemies whom he hated and despised as heartily as they did him? No; pride whispered to him that if die he must to do it with the dignity of a gentleman. Should the manner of his death ever come to the ears of those who had so severely condemned him they would be shamed into silence by the knowledge of how he had met his fate.

He was astonished to find how calm and resigned he became when brought face to face with the most dreadful of calamities. He found it shorn of the major part of the terrors it wore when viewed at a distance. Nature, kindly in all things, is never so beneficent as in this, that when Hope goes she ordains that Desire shall go with it. To know that one must die speedily is to at once rob life of most of the charms that make us cling to it.

Harry thought much and intensely as he rode along in momentary expectation of arriving at the place which would be that of his execution. The past, with all its thronging memories, hopes, aspirations, joys, pleasures and sorrows, seemed to slip away from him as, to one swiftly sailing away, appears to recede the shore upon which all his previous life has been passed. It seemed years since he was helping his comrades carry the contents of the cave to the wagon—a lifetime since he had left the camp at Wildcat to go upon the expedition. All his life in Sardis was but a dim recollection, as if of another sphere of existence. Only the remembrance of Rachel remained bright and vivid. He looked over the hazy mountain tops at the full-orbed moon shining in as tranquil splendor as on that memorable night, when he and Rachel stood under the old apple tree, and the supreme happiness of that hour flooded his soul as the radiant moonlight flooded the cedar-crowned hights.

"At least I can die worthily of that crowning hour," he said, with sad firmness, and rode on.

"Do you happen-ah—to know any pray'r—ah—young man?" The voice which broke in upon Harry's revery had the drawl and whine peculiar to "Hard shell" preachers of the mountain regions. Harry turned and looked at his interrogator, who had taken advantage of a widening in the road to ride alongside of him. He saw a man, who, rounder and fuller in outline than his gaunt companions, seemed to have led a life of less labor and better feeding than theirs. He was dressed in a suit of jeans, colored a dingy black with copperas and oak bark, where their garments had all the shades of coloring resulting from the unskilful attempts of their "women-folks" to dye the home-made cloth of mixed wool and cotton, with combinations of walnut hulls and butternut bark. Long hair, that differed from their ragged head-thatch in showing so much acquaintance with the comb as involved training its locks behind the ears, and an unsuccessful attempt to turn the ends under in a roll, framed a face that was probably cleanly shaven at weekly intervals, but now had as covering the stubbly growth of the beard since the last Sunday morning's preparation for divine service. Two dull gray eyes, so small and so close together that they might originally have been but one, until the low lying, puny nose was pushed out to split them in two, as a spit of sand sometimes arises to divide a diminutive lakelet into two insignificant ponds; a nose highest at the tip, and thence sloping back to the low, narrow, bumpy forehead, as if, continuing the geological smile, the upheaval had again subsided at the ponds until they were on the point of re uniting, warping at the same time the bluff represented by the nostrils until those orifices began to point upward; coarse, ridgy lips, deeply stained with tobacco-juice that drooled continually from the corners of the mouth, which was drawn down into the shape of an inverted crescent, in obedience to that same mountain conventionality that decreed the drawl and whine to be a necessary part of a preacher's godly work and conversation; these were the features that imprest themselves on Harry's mind as he turned a wondering glance on his interrogator, and gazed at him for an instant without answering.

"Do you-ah, happen-ah to know any prayer-ah, young man?" repeated the man in black jeans with great impressiveness, stretching at the same time his long arm and gaunt, bony finger to their full length, and pointing directly at Harry with a gesture that he used very effectively in revival seasons in bringing the troubled sinners on the "anxious seat" to the culminating point.

"I——I——I—hardly—understand," said Harry, confusedly.

"Was you-ah, never larn-ed to pray-ah,—to call upon the Lord-ah?" The long arm and gaunt forefinger came down sweeping, down again, and the questioner's tone was still sterner.

"Why, no—that is,——yes?" said Harry, still puzzled to understand the drift of the catechism.

"I-m afeared-ah you never hev-ah;" the dull gray eyes ceased for an instant their steady gaze into Harry's face, but not that they might hide any grief suffusing them at the thought of a youth attaining to manhood without the benefits of a Christian training. They simply sought a mark at which the inconvenient accumulation of tobacco juice might be discharged. A small holly at the preacher's right was showered, his lips wiped with the back of his bony hand, and eyes, arm and fingers returned to duty upon Harry. "I'm afeared-ah that yo've not-ah. You belong-ah to a people that will one day be turned into hell-ah, together with all nations-ah that forget God-ah."

"Why so?"

"Yo've 'peared not been brought up in the way yo' should go-ah. Yo've walked in the counsel of the ungodly ah; Yo've stood in the way of sinners-ah; yo've set in the seat of the scornful-ah."

"Probably so, from your standpoint," said Harry, not anxious to enter upon a theological discussion.

"Yo' come from a people given over to hardness of heart-ah and reprobacy of sperit-ah. For their wickedness their land shall mourn-ah; the herbs of their fields shall wither ah, and the beasts and birds be consumed ah, and their young men shall die by the sword-ah, and their young women by famine and pestilence-ah."

"Are you a prophet, or simply the son of a prophet?" Harry could not resist saying.

"Young man do not scoff-ah, for we read that the scoffer is an abomination among men ah; the scoffer is cut off-ah; the reviler cannot inherit the kingdom of God ah, and the watcher for iniquity is destroyed-ah. Do not scoff-ah."

"Well," said Harry interrogatively.

"I come toe yo now for your soul's good-ah; your time's nigh at hand-ah; your minutes air passin like the weaver's shuttle-ah; repent while you may ah but lift up your voice in prayer ah while yo yet hev the oppertunity ah."

"You mean to say that I must die soon, and that I should at once prepare for death?"

"Young man, I do-ah." A barberry bush received the salivary collection in the speaker's mouth, the osseous right hand repeated its duty as a pocket handkerchief, and the speaker resumed, with some evident disappointment at the coolness with which Harry received the awful announcement, "Hev no hopes of dodgin this-ah; don't think for a minnit that anything kin save yo-ah; yo hevn't no more chance nur a feather in a persaie fire-ah; your fa'e is sot-ah, an' yo must make up yer mind toe meet it-ah. I hev come toe help yo prepare yourself fur it-ah."

"But can you approve of this killing a prisoner?"

"I hev toe approve of it-ah, for it's the way appinted by the Lord-ah, fur dealin with them that forgit and despise Him-ah. I must believe that hit's the right way, ez I believe that hit wuz right fur Samuel toe hew Agag in pieces before the Lord on Gilgal-ah. I must believe hit ef I believe hit was right fur Jephthah toe put toe death the forty and-two thousand Ephraimites at the passages of the Jordan-ah, and fur David toe slay the Moabites and the Jebusites, and Philistines that fell into his hand ah."

"I'm afraid that I will not be able to profit any by the spiritual counsels of a man who can believe in so barbarous a doctrine."

"What's that you say ah?" A dull red flush showed through the stubble of black beard on the sallow cheeks.

"I shall not require your assistance," answered Harry firmly.

The coarse lips trembled with rage, and a little rill of brown saliva trickled from each corner of the mouth. Once more the rigid arm and gaunt forefinger descended, as if it were the hand of a wrathful prophet singling out a victim of righteous retribution. "Then, sir," said the enraged Chaplain, "year what I presumed yo was from the first, a blasphemer ah, a scoffer and a reprobate ah, who denies God ah, and hardens his heart agin His mercy-ah; I gin yo over toe the misery yo deserve-ah, you shel meet the eend that you seem toe 'pear to hanker after-ah, and be turned into the lake of burning brimstone-ah, intoe the bottomless pit-ah, whar the worm dieth not ah, and the fire is never quenched-ah, and the smoke of torment arises forever and ever-ah."

A sourwood shrub by the roadside had its straight crimson rods, and glossy leaves fearfully soiled by the mouthful which the angry Chaplain spat at it, as if he were spitting out his indignation upon the obdurate sinner on his other hand. A sharp cut upon the flank sent his horse bounding away, and left Harry riding by himself in a little gap that had opened out in the center of the company. At the head of the portion behind him rode the two men who had expressed their hostility against him so freely. Their hands lying nervously on their pistol holsters showed that they still harbored their hostile intentions.

The long descent was at length ended, and the command entered the narrow valley at the mountain's base. Here the thick woods shut out every ray of light, and the road was hidden by a darkness so deep that it was impossible for any one to distinguish the horse and rider immediately in front of him. A few minutes after entering this two shots rang out angrily behind Harry. He turned involuntarily as the bullets whistled harmlessly past his head, and saw, as their pistols flashed again, that it was the two men behind him who were firing at him. A sudden thought of escape flashed through his mind. The first form it took was that of an intention of dashing out into the darkness on horseback, and he turned his horse's head for that purpose. Then a shrewder suggestion occurred to him. He would drop from his horse, as if struck by one of the shots, and crawl away, as opportunity offered. He adopted this plan instantly, and immediately after the second shot he fell heavily to the ground, giving at the same time a sharp stroke of the switch to his horse, which sent the animal headlong against the two men who were preparing to fire a third volley into the figure which they had seen fall, in order to make sure of their work. They, as well as those behind them, were confused and almost dismounted by the sudden bolt of Harry's horse, and as they recovered something of their equilibrium the Captain came storming back as fast as he could make his way through the riders in the darkness.

"Who in blazes is that firing?" he shouted in tones of dire exasperation. "By the Almighty, if I knew who it was I'd split their heads with my saber. Don't you infernal fools know that the Yankee Home Guards are most likely laying for us somewhere in the valley here to bushwhack us, and that shooting will bring them on to us? What in the devil do you mean by it, anyhow?"

No one answered, for the Captain was one who enforced his authority with his own right arm, and his threat about subduing the offenders the company had abundant reason for believing was no idle one. Several scarcely healed wounds borne by various members were convincing evidence of the Captain's reliance upon the sword as an instrument of discipline. Repeated angry inquiries after the offenders only broke the dumb silence into earnest assertions from all sides of entire ignorance, each man protesting that the shots were fired by some one "jest afore" him. The prisoner and probable corpse was forgotten by all during this distraction, and the 15 minutes that it lasted were well employed by Harry in getting as far as possible from the road. At first he crawled away on his hands and knees, and when he thought he was certainly out of sight he rose to his feet and walked as rapidly as he could make his way in the intense darkness through the brush and vines and other obstructions of the thick woods.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A STORY OF THE WAR,

Where Nerve and Presence of Mind was Better than Courage.

Three Yanks Outwit and Escape from a Dozen Armed Guerrillas.

To the Editor of the Blade:

No one who took part in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., will ever forget it. I sit this evening at my window and look out at low, dark scudding clouds and a cheerless landscape, but I hardly see it, for I am again on the memorable field, where on that bright morning 15 years ago, our brave little army, weary and harrassed, marched in across the frosty plain at sunrise and took its stand to await the death grapple. I hear again the shock of contending hosts and feel the thrill of victory which was ours. From that stubbornly contested field where the most desperate charges of Hood's veterans were met by men equally determined, I wander back until I am again in the "Atlantic Campaign." I feel again the fierce heat of the mid day sun as we march along dusty roads or stand massed in column in some old field. I see from an eminence the course of our army marked out by a great serpentine column of dust reaching to the horizon. The rattle of the skirmishes is ever in my ear, and almost daily for months the earth trembles with the war of battle, and so it goes on, until one night in September the heavens are lit up by burning stores and exploding magazines, and Atlanta is ours. What a panorama for

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUG. 11, 1881.

OUR CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books postpaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $3, but we mail them post-paid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post-paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lenora," "All for Her," "All for Him," "Conquered," "Peerless Cathleen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Vesta Van," and "The Grinder Papers," "Reborn," "House Harmonies," "Lily of San Miniato," "Home Hits and Hints," "Richard Vandermark," "Bittenwood," "Innocents from Abroad," "A Woman in the Case," "Ghita's Dream," "Another Man's Wife," "Milly Darrell" and "Led Astray."

The following cloth-bound books we are mailing post-paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a story of the East; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Bridget of Ours," a novel; "Rice's Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Me," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains, post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $2.50; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 50 cents; "War Tiger and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 55 cents.

NASBY PAMPHLETS.

Nasby as a Banker, by Nasby.
The Democratic John Bunyan, by Nasby.
Sent by mail for 10 cents each.
Diary of an Office Seeker, 15 cents.
Or the three pamphlets, 30 cents.
For any of the above books, address

THE BLADE,
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FOR THE LADIES.

Dark tan-colored gloves are worn with light dresses.

Cretonne fans match parasols and suits of foulard and cambric.

Fifteen ostrich tips adorn stylish hats of rough and ready straw.

Fine bunting dresses in cream color have hand-painted figures on them.

A European lady in Japan has collected 700 teapots of different varieties and kinds.

At the recent State balls at Buckingham Palace there was not a single lady present without a crinolette.

A breach of promise suit was compromised in Indianapolis by the defendant providing the girl with a husband of equal value with himself.

A New Jersey girl goes from town to town with "her invalid brother," sets up as a dressmaker and when she obtains a few patterns she leaves the place.

"Don't you bathe?" asked Mr. Smith of Miss Jones, on the piazza of the West End, Long Branch. "No," said she, "no, I never bathe—none of our family ever do." "Gracious," exclaimed Smith, "is it possible?"

The morning attire introduced from Russia by the Princess of Wales fits like a glove to the person, produces the effect when worn of a jet cuirass, and its glittering blackness is extremely becoming to both figure and complexion. It costs about $50.

The actress who was engaged to ride in a circus procession as the most beautiful woman in America has been discharged, and she now threatens to sue the manager, not for $30 a week which was to be her regular pay, but for the $10,000 prize which in his advertisement he awarded her.

Lotta, the actress, says that if she ever marries she hopes to become the companion of "some handsome, whole-souled, gifted editor." There is the Muldoon man's chance. —*Denver Republican.* Lotta, dear, Colorado editors, who are "handsome, whole-souled and gifted," generally select a sandwich that has not been slobbered over. Try Omaha.—*Louisville Commercial.*

The East Indian Prince of Gondal is about to marry—possibly ere this has married, for the precise date of this event is not named in the report—seven maiden daughters of men who are high in favor at his court. Seven days will be consumed in the several ceremonies, and each bride of the preceding day will be present at the wedding festivities of her rival. Each bride receives the same presents in jewelry and dresses, and has her apartments arranged like those of her companions. None of the seven has yet completed her 15th year.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

A white quail has been shot near Chicago.

A man committed suicide in Chicago because his sister called him a fool. She estimated his capacity correctly.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

One swallow does not make a Summer but," says Sniffkins, "it imparts a pleasant warmth.

On the panel under the letter receiver of the General Postoffice, Dublin, these words are printed: "Post here letters too late for next mail."

The Detroit *Free Press* says, "Ten cents is the average price for stopping a runaway horse in Central Park and saving the lives of a millionaire's family. Some give 15, but this is only when greatly excited.

Mr. Gladstone's clothes, like those of the storied young person from Troy, do not fit, him. His butterfly suit hangs on him like a sack. His claw hammer coat is said to fit around the shoulder like a horse collar.

James G. Fair heads the personal assessment roll just filed in San Francisco with $42,500,000. J. C. Flood is assessed at $36,000,000 for himself, and $30,500,000 as trustee for J. W. Mackey. Charles Crocker is assessed at $30,000,000.

Little Johnny has been caught by his aunt teasing a fly.

"Johnny," said she, "supposing some great beast a thousand times bigger than yourself should tease you and perhaps eat you all up."

"I hope," said Johnny, "he'd feel as bad as I do when I swallow a fly."

A Chinese laundryman in Philadelphia has a revised sign, of which this is a true copy:

No trustee—no bustee
Bustee is Hadee
No trustee—no bustee
No bustee—no Hadee.

These are the ways in which the London papers severally spell Shakspere's name: Shakespeare—*Times, Standard, Daily News, Telegraph, Morning Advertiser, Globe, Echo, Era, Spectator, Graphic, Guardian, Rock, Christian World, Queen, Land*, etc. Shakspeare—*Daily Chronicle, Pall Mall, Athenæum, Saturday Review, Builder, Illustrated London News.* Shakspere—*Morning Post, Church Times, Reynold's, Lloyd's Weekly.*

A RIVER IDYL.

Lucinda, dearest, 'neath the bending tree,
Stooping to kiss the stream that laves its feet,
I'll draw the boat; and, thinking but of thee,
Will luncheon eat.

Mark how the placid tide flows smoothly by;
Note yonder bank aglow with golden gorse;
'Tis nature's specie bank. What's in that pie?
Ugh! Steak, of course.

Sip life a sweet cup of joy, love, in this spot;
For thee no after-taste, no bitter dregs;
'Tis nectar. Bah! I've told you I cannot
Eat hard-boiled eggs.

The dappled shade of willow and of ash
Spreads o'er the verdant grass, for thy sweet ease,
And love—the salad dressing's gone to smash,
And soaked the cake!

What! Hang it all! Each day I speak in vain.
Lucinda, this is shameful—only look!
No mustard on the sandwiches again!
Discharge that cook!

—*New York Tribune.*

How to Secure Health.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the Best Blood Purifier ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious Complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

ON THE BIG BLUE.

Hunting for the Traces of Prehistoric Man on the Plains of Kansas.

The Fabrications of an Ancient People—Discoveries of Human Bones—The Work of the Kansas Historical Society Among the Ruins of the Toltecs.

Correspondence of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

MANHATTAN, Kan., July 21.—The town of Garrison is on the Big Blue River, where the Kansas Central Narrow Gage Railroad reaches the stream 110 miles from Leavenworth, the initial point of the road. This is the longest narrow gage railroad in Kansas, and belongs to the Gould system. It is to be extended this year to Clay Center, on the Republican River, 30 miles further to the westward, and construction to that point is now going on.

The most practicable descent for the railroad to the Blue from the elevated upland here is through what was the fine stock farm of the Rev. William Knipe, and as there must needs be a depot and business houses at the temporary terminus of the road, the farm has been still further despoiled by the erections of the buildings of a busy little town. Mr Knipe was

A PIONEER OF KANSAS,

and for many years made the circuit as a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Conference, but advancing years, and failing health led him years ago to settle down upon a tract of then cheap land and give his attention to the grazing of a small bunch of cattle. The herd increased under his care till at the railroad's coming, a year and a half ago, it found him in most enviable circumstances of comfort and plenty. The sale of town lots has had the effect to add to his competence.

At Garrison the sloting plateau which rises from the Missouri River toward the Rocky Mountains, has come up to an altitude of about 400 feet above the Missouri. This place is near the western limit of the carboniferous system in Kansas; and the shales, limestones, and flints of the system are here cut through by the channel of the Blue to the depth of 150 feet, forming a picturesque valley of a mile or more in breadth, and of rare beauty. The course of the stream is directly southward to the Kansas River, of which it is one of the largest tributaries. The cutting away of the strata has not formed a precipitous gorge, but, on the contrary, the valley is inclosed in the most beautifully rounded hillsides, everywhere accessible to the pedestrian. Often the hills are mound shaped so regularly and artistically left that they not frequently have been mistaken for the works of man—

THE FABRICATION OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE

who left their structures so numerously about the streams further east in the Mississippi basin.

The work of prehistoric man is, in fact, found here—but pigmy work compared with that great artificer who fashioned the peculiar and natural scenery of the valley. Coming up from Manhattan, 15 miles, on the east side of the river, I examined the hilltops for artificial mounds. And here, I beg to say, that in magnitude and in the striking character of their contents, the mounds of Kansas are insignificant compared with those elsewhere, they are not the less interesting as ethnological studies. Their examination will undoubtely result in the development of facts having an important bearing in the solution of several questions. The question as to the extent of the territory, reaching westward, occupied by the people called Toltecs, prior to the abandonment of their occupancy of the Mississippi basin, and their migration to the plateaux of Mexico; the question as to whether the mounds of Kansas was the work of the Toltecs or of the more modern races of American Indians; and if of the latter, what Indians, whether of the Kaws, the Pawnees, or of more remote tribes? The examinations, of which I am giving you the result, are being carefully made, and the relics found are being deposited in the museum of

THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

at Topeka, systematically arranged, and with all data in connection with their finding carefully noted. The purpose is to make a record and collection of objects of permanent scientific value.

In my trip from Manhattan to this point the first mound examined was nine miles north of Manhattan, and six miles south of Garrison, on the east side of the Blue, near the mouth of Carnahan Creek, on a bluff top on the Garrison side of that tributary, in Pottawatomie County. It is within one-fourth mile of the house of Mr. Nixon. It is on the highest bluff point in this vicinity, of the hight of 150 feet above the waters of the Blue, which are three-fourths of a mile away to the west. The mound is 18 feet across the base, seven feet across at the top, and is raised about two feet above the surrounding surface. It was surmounted by a tower of flat stones, 4½ feet in hight above the top of the mound. The tumulus I found to be composed of mingled rocks and earth. First was a covering of flat limestone rocks, of dimensions from a few inches to a foot and a half across. Beneath these to the bottom of the mound were fragmentary flint rocks, closely mingled with black earth, apparently from the surrounding soil. I worked over the entire central part of the mound, an area of seven feet diameter, to the bottom.

THE RELICS FOUND.

The relics which I found were all within that part of the deposited material of flint, stones, and earth within one half foot of the bottom of the mound, and distributed throughout this material to nearly the outer line of the seven foot area excavated. The following articles were found: Six flint arrow heads, made of materials found in the bluffs of the vicinity, parts of two broken bone daggers or knives, six pieces of the one when placed together measuring four inches, and of the other merely a broken hilt; four pieces of bone awls, of three different implements; one fragment of point of bone needle; four stone beads about one inch in length; one piece of perforated bone ornament; one shell bead, one inch in length, about 100 small shell beads of mussel, about 100 bone beads, or bones of birds; about 100 small glass beads, two coiled brass wire tweezers, many fragments of human bones, mostly charred or with marks of fire, and none of them entire except some small bones of the hands and feet. The glass beads and tweezers were found together at the bottom of the center of the mound, and within the compass of one foot area. These may, or may not, have been of an intrusive deposit.

FINDING HUMAN BONES

Northward from the above described mound, toward Garrison, I examined seven small mounds on high points of the river bluff. They were about 15 feet in diameter, and in hight but from 12 to 18 inches. They were composed throughout of mingled limestone and earth, the stones such as are found in the bluff sides at no great distance away, and of all sizes and shapes, from the weight of a few ounces to that of 100 pounds. The earth of these mounds was wholly of the surrounding black soil. No relics were found in any of these seven mounds except human bones, always fragmentary, except those of the hands and feet. One half mile north of Garrison I examined one other mound of this description.

Examination was made of a mound one-fourth mile east of Garrison, similar in character to the Carnahan Creek mound. It is 18 feet in diameter and 18 inches in hight. It was covered with flat limestones, and within was composed of mingled flint rocks and black earth. Excavation was made in the same manner as in the case of the Carnahan Creek mound. Of relics I found the following: Fifty bone beads, 25 shell beads, including one large one of peculiar shape, one fragment of bone dagger, two small fragments of a red stone ornament or implement.

A.

SAN FRANCISCO LEPERS.

In Appearance and Spread on the Pacific Coast.

The First Patient Dies in 1875—A Photographic Group of Lepers—The Disease Less General Than Is Supposed.

From the San Francisco Post, July 19.

Last month Dr. James Nevins Hyde, of Chicago, President of the American Dermatological Association, addressed Dr. John W. Foye, physician at the small pox hospital and lazar house, in this city, a letter of inquiry relative to leprosy in California, and especially San Francisco. Dr Hyde was particular in asking information relative to the number of people here afflicted with the disease, the varieties which prevailed, the records showing details which might throw light upon the question of contagion, heredity, length of the disease in the State, the mode of its termination, and its chief symptoms. Dr. Hyde says leprosy has latterly attracted great attention among the members of the Dermatological Association, and knowing that it prevailed to a certain extent in this State they were anxious to obtain information.

In reply Dr. Foye has written a remarkably clear and concise paper on the history, with details, of the disease in this state, which was to-day forwarded to the East. Dr Foye in his paper says: "In regard to the subject of your inquiry, leprosy, I shall be out too happy to furnish you with all the data attainable from our records; at the same time would remind you of the fact that the subjects of the disease, with one exception, have been Mongolians, and unable to give other than the most meager account of themselves, and we are often compelled to rely upon conjecture in fixing the age of the patient. I find by reference to the record that the first leper, Hoy Tong, was admitted July 5, 1871, and that he died on the 29th of September, 1875. Since that date 51 additional cases have been received—48 males and three females—making a total of 52 cases to account for. The hospital was designed for the treatment of small pox exclusively, and the leprosic have been admitted only when found necessary to relieve other public institutions, or perhaps the streets, of their presence. Three invoices aggregating 45, have been sent by the authorities to China. Three have died of the disease, and one from accidental causes, and one escaped. One committed suicide, and one, a Caucasian, is still an inmate. The ages of the patients have been:

Between 15 and 20.... 4	Between 30 and 40....13
Between 20 and 25.... 9	Between 40 and 50.... 9
Between 25 and 30....19	

"No record has been kept of the duration of the disease at the date of admission, nor of the length of time the patient had been in the country, an omission much to be regretted, and doubtless due to the fact that their detention here was but temporary and pending shipment. It is not an assumption to say they were, to appearance, healthy when they entered the port, the Chinese Six Companies being too keenly awake to their own interest in importing unproductive labor, but that they were the subjects of the disease in its incubation stage at the date of shipment is an inference irresistible. The type of the disease is anæsthetic, tubercular, mixed, not given.

"Accompanying these notes you will find a photographic group of lepers, 14 in number. They comprise the second shipment made to China, June 2, 1880. You will also find two cabinet sizes from the same group, fine specimens of the tubercular type of the disease just prior to the commencement of the ulcerative process. Upon the duration of the disease, from personal observation I can give no information, having seen but one fatal case. In March, 1876, when I joined the hospital, it contained a young Chinaman, then convalescent from varioloid. His face was covered with tubercles (now ulcerative), usually seen in convalescent stages of that disease, but they did not become absorbed. He was discharged in April, but not till the similarity of these tubercles to early leprosy had been the subject of comment. On the 28th of July, 1879, he was remitted with tubercular leprosy, fully developed, and he died of phthisis on the 20th of the following March, four years from the first appearance of the disease. For the two years next succeeding the discharge from the hospital, in 1876, he had been laboriously employed as a miner. Per contra Fo Sin and Yo Gan were both inmates of the hospital two years or more, were both subjects of the disease several years prior to admission, and were in better physical condition when discharged than when admitted. The former had been eight years in the country, and four or five years the subject of the disease. Ulceration had commenced in the fossa between the lower lip, and prominence of the chin; but under a more generous diet than he had been accustomed to it soon healed, and his general health continued good during the period of his stay in the hospital. For the past two years alimentation has been our only treatment. The leper requires good nutrition, and wants it often. The ration of the American army is insufficient for his support until the last stage of the disease has been reached.

"Any opinion as to the number now in the city would be mere conjecture. I have seen none out of the Chinese quarter. It is less general than is commonly believed, yet the fact is a significant one that, on the 2d of June, every known leper in the city was shipped to China, and before the end of the year 14 new cases have accumulated upon our hands. The Chinese Consul claims hospital rights for these people; the authorities resist the claim, and the courts are now adjudicating the question. Is it contagious? English writers in India say it is not, in the sense in which the term is usually employed, but the Chinaman who has been familiar with the disease and its traditions for centuries, avoids the leper with great care, and will stand for hours rather than occupy a seat that had been vacated by one.

"The leper maintains the most profound silence upon the subject of heredity. I have seen but one who admitted its existence as a family taint, and he would, it is probable, have denied it had not the inquiry been made prior to a conference with his fellows in the lazarette. A Fond (in whom the disease had but recently declared itself) was five years in the country before any smyptoms appeared. Tu Wong, for several years a marine fireman in the employ of the Pacific Mail Company, between this port and the Orient, a man of fine physique and well nourished, develops the disease at 32—after five years of generous diet on board an American steamship, and surrounded by healthful sanitary conditions. Thomas Stanton, present age 47, after a residence of nine years in Madras, Ceylon, and Bombay, sailed from Calcutta for New York, Dec. 24, 1870. For three and a half years after his arrival, he remained in good health and worked as stonemason's assistant in Cleveland, Nashville, and other Western Cities. In Autumn of 1874, becoming the subject of rheumatic pains, he concluded to seek a milder climate, and going to Louisiana he remained there and in other of the Cotton States till the Spring of 1878. During his stay in the South he had worked a portion of his time, but 'did not feel well at all,' and though he had no medical advice he knew it must be that his blood was out of order or these pimples wouldn't have come out on his face' (leprosic tubercles). Concluding to work his way back to Bombay, he reached Sacramento, Cal., during the vintage of 1878, and obtained employment in the drying room of a raisin factory. He was the only white man in the room. During the second day his fellow workmen discontinued their work and declined to resume until the foreman was discharged. The Chinese had recognized the disease more successfully in this particular case than one of the visiting surgeons of a hospital, who for a period of six months subsequent treated him as a syphilitic. He was admitted to this hospital March 4, 1880, with fully developed leprosy of the mixed variety. Six months since his appetite failed him. The numbness in the toes, which he had formerly complained of, gradually extended up the feet, his voice became husky, cough troublesome, the muscles are wasting, the toes sloughing. He has become very irritable, and he will, it is probable, succumb to the disease during the current year. In this instance, the only one in which I have been able to obtain a detailed history, the earliest symptoms of the disease made their appearance four years after leaving the locality where it is assumed to have been acquired. Of the symptoms no better description need be looked for than that given by Dr. Filbury in pages 312 and 313 of his able work on the skin. Of the functional lesion in the parts supplied by the ulnar nerve I will state that in the group of 14 I send you it was strongly marked in nine, and a very good idea of the changes which followed can be obtained by examining them (slightly manifest) in the two arm views."

AN IOWA HEROINE.

How Kattie Shelley Carried the News of Disaster.

Boone (Iowa) Standard.

When the wind and rain was pouring in torrents down the canyon through which the railway track from here to Moingona runs, on Wednesday night of last week, a young girl of 14 or 15 stood at her window at midnight, near the lower end of the ravine, watching the slow forward creeping of the pilot engine sent out to explore the condition of the embankments and bridges. Suddenly, as it passed upon a well known trestle, she saw it drop and its lights disappear, and knew there were lives in danger. Rushing out into the storm and to the brink of the chasm Katie Shelley called at the top of her voice with the hope that some poor struggler in the turbid waters might hear her voice and be encouraged by her cry. She was heard, and back from the swaying tree top in which the engineer had found another lease of life came an answer to her cheer many times repeated. But the swollen streams forbade hearing the directions which were shouted to the young girl, and she was left to her own resources to effect a rescue, which fortunately were not waiting. Alone and guided by the flickering light of a dim lantern she commenced her journey through the tall wood to Maingona, a mile away, to summon help. She crept beneath the swaying branches, her face brushed by the switching undergrowth, wet to the waist by wading the little hollows of the hillside, each now a running brook, losing her way at times, though every foot of the route was known as page under ordinary circumstances and at last came out upon the long railway bridge. Here her light blew out, but she did not hesitate. Across the slippery bridge ties, for there were no planks, she stepped, guarded only by the ghastly flashes of the lightning while the wind blew a gale and wrapped her skirts about her head and drenched her eyes with the cold spray of the storm. Beneath her were the waters whose embrace was death. Six feet had they risen in an hour; one false step and they would close over her forever. They dashed and howled against the piers and across the ice break, clamoring for her, and licking out their foaming tongues and flecking the trembling timbers with their froth. There must have been a Providence which guided little Katie Shelley's footsteps across that perilous passage in the awful night until the safe ground of the western embankment was reached, and she fled through the black darkness with streaming hair and outstretched bare and gleaming arms to the lights of the town, and in the ears of anxious men at the depot shouted the story of disaster and the cry for help.

Two men went down in that fatal chasm and two widows and two families of infant children call for the lost who never shall return; but two other men and two other families to their dying days have cause to thank the good Lord that he made one woman with the brave heart of Katie Shelly. The cold, business like official report will never tell it as it is, only that "the accident was reported by a young girl and relief was promptly dispatched." And when the fatal trap in which poor Olmstead and Pat Donahoue found their watery graves, is again filled up, and traffic once more is busy over the spot, the great company will forget the deed or only remember it as an accident which brough no suit for personal damages against the company. Heroism exerted for the Northwestern is a constant illustration of "Virtue being its own reward."

A COMEDY OF BLUNDERS.

Trouble with a Costly Writing Table That Was Explained Too Late.

New York Sun.

"Why, who has been smashing your furniture?" the reporter asked in amazement, as he entered the sitting room of Mr. Brenton Ward's house, in Monroe street, Brooklyn, and noticed that a handsome, highly polished rosewood writing table, for which he knew Mr. Ward had paid $50 a few days previously, was wrecked and ruined. The back part of the drawer was wrenched out, and splinters of wood were on the floor. A hammer, a chisel, and a saw on the carpet seemed to indicate that the mischief was of recent occurrence, and a bag of gold coin was on the sofa.

Mr. Ward looked foolishly at his wife, and Mrs. Ward looked dejectedly at her husband as he stood in his shirt sleeves before her.

"Well, I suppose I may as well tell the story," Mr. Ward said, as he slowly resumed his coat, and wiped the honest beads from his brow with his handkerchief. "I did it, with Mary's assistance, 10 minutes ago. You see, I never was a Vanderbilt in point of wealth, and when my poor old uncle died the other day and left me $5,000, it somewhat demoralized me. I changed it all into gold—the gold you see on the sofa—and placed it in the table drawer. I looked at it pretty often, you may be sure, and about half an hour before you came in I went to the drawer and tried to open it. The key would not turn, and after I had blown into it until the whistle it gave could be heard at the other end of the block, and I was black in the face, both Mary and I came to the conclusion that some one had been tampering with the lock.

"Mary nearly fainted at the prospect of the gold having been stolen, and suggested that information of the matter be sent to the police at once. I thought, however, that we had better first break into the drawer, and satisfy ourselves that the money was really gone. We borrowed a chisel, a saw, and a hammer from the old gentleman next door, and I set to work with a will. The result you see. The table was utterly destroyed in five minutes, but it was a great relief to find the gold all right. We had broken in at the back, and there is nothing the matter with the lock. The girl, after moving the table out from the wall to dust behind it, had put it back wrong side first; but both sides are made exactly alike, the only difference being that what looks like a keyhole in the back is false, and, of course, I could not turn the key in it. It was all owing to the greenhorn girl's stupidity, you see."

The Ohio Woman.

New York Sun.

An Ohio woman owed her hired man $320. She married him to square the account, and then for $60 got a divorce, thus saving $260.

In Ayer's Ague Cure we have a positive remedy for fever and ague and all malarial disorders, and one entirely free from quinine, arsenic or other injurious drugs. It is the chemical and medicinal triumph of the age.

For the Blade.

HOT WEATHER MAKES THE CORN.

BY C. L. WOOD.

July days are well-nigh torrid,
And the nights are simply horrid;
But the farmer sallies out
Each sultry, muggy morn,
And at night you near him shout,
"Hot weather makes the corn."

Always slaving, working, toiling,
In the sun forever broiling;
But 'tis seldom he complains,
Or wears a phiz forlorn,
For with providential rains,
Hot weather makes the corn.

Other men unite together,
Praying hard for cooler weather;
But the farmer only laughs,
And sure as you are born,
He will chuckle while he gasps,
"Hot weather makes the corn."

July heat, O how terrific!
Deaths and sunstrokes how prolific!
Still his scythe the farmer swings,
'Tis useless him to warn,
Work he will and ever sings,
"Hot weather makes the corn."

Pity him? O no, not any,
Pity counts him not a penny;
And would go against the grain,
He'd fling it back with scorn,
Taking up the old refrain,
"Hot weather makes the corn."

Give him, though, some commendation,
For he feeds a mighty nation:
He is brave and true and strong,
Good deeds his life adorn,
While he chants the well-worn song,
"Hot weather makes the corn."

Still the days grow hot and hotter,
Common mortals faint and totter;
Yet the farmer at his toil,
Of his vesture nearly shorn,
Says: "Go ahead—let her boil!
Hot weather makes the corn."

Enterprise, Wis.

TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

Some Impositions on Americans—The Star-Spangled Banner.

Philadelphia Bulletin's Bohemian Letter.

The American traveling on this side of the water must banish many home-born ideas of comfort. The railway carriages are divided into first, second and third-class compartments. The first are luxuriously upholstered; the second are very much inferior in England and France, a little better in Belgium, and a good deal better in Germany. But you are shut up in all, and in all are deprived of water. The European dread of water, either for drinking or washing, amounts to a hydrophobia. In the carriages of either class you are liable to be boxed up with dirty, disagreeable and sometimes tipsy people. But for a shilling in England, a franc in France or Belgium, a mark in Germany or its equivalent in kreuzers in Austria, quietly put into the hands of the conductor, you can secure a small coupe or a large compartment for your exclusive use. The companies pay their servants small wages, and wink at their acceptance of little perquisites in the shape of coin presented by those who want to be a little exclusive.

There are other more serious expenses. In each hotel, after payment of fees, beyond the bill, for the porter, the boots, the chambermaid, and half a dozen others, you have to pay two or three others for the privilege of departing. A group surrounds you, and every one strives to touch you or a piece of your baggage, and then gives an appealing look for a fee for the service. The cost of railway tickets is high, and to this must be added a charge for baggage beyond about 50 pounds in weight. On one trip I paid as much for extra baggage as for an extra passenger. One day it amounted to about $4 50; the next day, for about the same distance and time, the same baggage was only charged about $1 50. On arriving at your destination and quitting the train, a new group of begging railway employes surround you, and each expects a fee for doing a useless service, or for doing nothing. On the Rhine steamboat there is a fresh horde of them, and you are continually putting your hands in your pockets for pfennigs. The extra baggage charges continue on the boats, and sometimes a fee is charged for insurance on your traps, because a piece of canvas was spread. A couple of American ladies were swindled in this way, but the game was not attempted on the present writer, who happens not to be a woman. The robbers of the Rhine, it will be seen, do not dwell in the old Gothic castles. They haunt railroad stations and hotels, and infest steamboats and cars. Some of them wear uniforms with gold and silver lace trimmings, and some are disguised as waiters and serve food or drink on the boats. Each one expects a considerable fee, and his feelings are wounded when an American presumes to offer a small one, and a little fraud is attempted. The other day, after a bottle of mineral water had been once paid for, another water appeared and presented a bill for it. Payment was stoutly objected to by a lady of the party. Thereupon another water was called, and then another, and so on till the whole deck was swarming with thieves, while other travelers looked on with delight at the conflict, in which volleys of German and English were hurled to and fro. But the headwaiter, hearing the story and the testimony concerning it, decided in favor of the traveler, and a little waiter in a black coat was compelled to retire, swearing in choice phrases at his discomfiture. It was a great and perhaps a first victory on the Rhine for a star-spangled banner. Speaking of that proud piece of bunting, I may add that on the way up the river it is seen proudly floating on a flag-staff erected in front of a comely but modest villa on the left bank. The Americans on board greeted it with delight, and the question was asked, "Who lives in the house?" The answer came, "Ein Amerikaner." The same enlightening response came from half a dozen other uniformed functionaries, until the English speaking captain was reached, and he complacently replied "An American," leaving us as wise as we were before the catechism of the crew began.

A WEASEL'S WISDOM.

The Successful Trap he Laid for a Very Large Rat.

Santa Barbara Press.

The remarkable sagacity of the weasel was well illustrated the other day by an incident which actually occurred in the suburbs of Santa Barbara. A gentleman's barn was infested by rats and he was greatly annoyed by their depredations. They have been gradually disappearing, however, during the past few weeks. The gentleman finally discovered the cause of their probable disappearance in a very wide awake weasel, which was engaged at the time in a vigorous combat with an unusually large sized rat. The latter proved too much for his adversary and finally chased his weaselship out of the barn. A few mornings later the gentleman again found the same animals engaged in a similar battle. The weasel at last ran away, as before, and the rat followed in hot pursuit. This time, however, the weasel ran into a hole it had burrowed through a pile of hardened compost.

This hole was quite large at the entrance, but the outlet was barely large enough to admit the passage of the weasel's body. The weasel darted into the hole, with the rat at its heels. A moment later the weasel emerged from the other side, ran quickly around the compost pile and again entered the hole, this time in the enemy's rear. The gentleman interested in the proceedings, watched the place some time, and found the weasel only came out. Digging into the compost he found the rat quite dead and partly eaten The weasel had arranged its trap so that the rat could enter, but becoming closely wedged in the narrow portion of the hole, could be attacked at a disadvantage and easily killed.

May the good work begun by St. Jacobs Oil continue until rheumatism and neuralgia have been banished from the earth.—*Albany (N. Y.) Press and Indicator.*

McFEELY'S MEANNESS.

The Dastardly Job He set up on Two People.

The other morning as the Chief of the detective force was meditating upon the peculiar fact that the last detective he detailed to work up a burglary case turned out to be the burglar himself, he detected a rap on the door of his inner sanctum, followed by the appearance of a lady in black. The intruder was evidently a middle-aged widow of prepossessing appearance, but with an expression of eye that indicated that a suppressed volcano was raging in the her patent glove fitting what d'ye call 'em? In fact, the Chief hadn't time to offer the visitor a chair before she began to erupt fire, ashes, and melted lava as follows:

"I called to know, Mr Policeman, if you can hire me one of the most bloodthirsty detectives you've got?"

"Bloodthirsty, mum?" replied the Chief much astonished.

"Yes; the regular sleuthhound kind of thing that we see in the plays."

"Well, we have some pretty fair detectives," said the alleged thief-taker, scratching his head, "but I don't know exactly how sleuth they are."

"What I want," said the lady, "is the sort of man who can track a villain to the uttermost ends of earth—who can dog his footsteps to the very grave—who can hunt him down, hunt him down!" and she gritted her teeth like Clara Morris in the last act.

"Breach of promise case, I suppose," hazarded the man of clews.

"Nothing of the kind," snapped the high-pressure female. "I suppose I'd better explain. But it's—it's rather a delicate matter."

"It most always is," said the Chief, encouragingly, and pretending to be absorbed in contemplating a rat hole in the corner.

"Well, the fact is," said the vengeance-seeker with some embarrassment, "this scoundrel's name is McFeeley—Phelim J. McFeeley—and—and he smoked us out in the most contemptible manner in the world."

"Smoked you out?"

"Yes; you see this was the way of it: I live at Mrs. Didimus' boarding house, on Ellis street, and so does that wretch, McFeely. He is forever playing infamous tricks—practical jokes he calls 'em—on the boarders. The other night he came home intoxicated, as usual, I suppose, and thumped on my door on his way up stairs—just imagine such a thing—at 2 o'clock in the morning."

"You didn't open the door, did you?"

"Well, I should say not—the idea! Besides, what made it more aggravating, another gentleman, a great friend of mine—never mind his name—was then in the room, just as it happend. You see, I had been taken ill during the night, and he had kindly gone out and got me some medicine."

"Exactly," murmured the unraveler of crime; "they often do;" and he became more absorbed in the rat hole than ever.

"Of course, I knew McFeeley would make some mean joke of the matter, so we kept perfectly quiet, and what do you suppose the fiend did?"

"Ha—um—fell asleep on the mat."

"Worse than that. He actually puffed the smoke of his cigaret through the keyhole, and hallooed 'Fire!'"

"That fetched you, I suppose."

"Why, of course. I was just frightened to death, and we rushed out—George and I did—and then all the other boarders rushed out—and oh! it was perfectly terrible—the landlord sent up my bill in the morning—and—and—I've had to move. Oh! its too terrible—too terrible!" and the victim of smoke and treachery went like a patent lawn-sprinkler.

"It's a sad case," said the sympathetic Chief; "but what can I—"

"Why, I want some lynx eyed detective to follow this McFeeley and catch him doing something awful. I want him to put up some sort of a job or other that will just annihilate the mean thing and enable me to get even. How much would the best kind of detective cost for a whole year, or if they ain't too expensive I'll take half dozen of 'em?"

And it was only after the Chief had promised to put up a job of the most blood-curdling description on the doomed McFeeley that the outraged female dried her tears, readjusted her crimps with a hairpin wriggled her dress a few times, and rustled beamingly out.

THE PENIAN TORPEDO-BOAT.

A Worthless Affair Which Came Near Costing Several Lives.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—What purports to be the full story of the Irish National torpedo boat, now lying in New York harbor, has been brought out in this city to-day. It is substantially as follows: In 1878 John P. Holland introduced himself to O'Donovan Rossa, then the Head Center of the Irish Nationists, who had his headquarters chiefly in this city. Holland came here from Patterson, N. J., bringing with him a trunkful of drawings and sectional model of a torpedo ram which he wished to build for "the cause." Rossa did not approve the scheme, but Dr. William Carroll, of the City, indorsed it warmly, and introduced Holland to George Speerman, of New York, the treasurer of the Irish national fund, and also to ex Judge Brennan, of Sioux City, Iowa; George Crouse, of Peoria, Ill., and James Breziland, of New York, all members of the Board of Trustees. At that time there were more than $80 000 in the treasury of the skirmishing fund, and as there was no definite plan for the disposition of the money the Trustees listened to Holland's plans and agreed to build the boat. The Delamater Works took the contract and began operations, but Rossa's opposition to the project did not cease; and a split in the Irish National organization is ascribed to this cause. Holland's estimate of the cost hardly sufficed to complete the shell of the boat, and the discovery of this fact suspended work on it entirely for six weeks. Finally, however, the Board was persuaded to advance more money, and the work was pushed to completion. It was finished a little more than a year ago, and the first experiment to test its submarine capabilities nearly cost the lives of the inventor and two others.

The craft was intended to float either on or below the surface, being raised or lowered at pleasure. The three men entered her and the sinking was accomplished gracefully enough, but in a short time she bobbed up to the surface, and the inmates, nearly suffocated, forced off the manhole plate just in time to catch fresh air enough to revive them. The sinking was accomplished by filling two chambers with water, which was forced out again by a pump when it was desired to raise the vessel. A steel wing, or paddle, on each side was intended, by its motion, to keep the vessel steady while submerged, and also to hold it in any desired depth. These paddles could be detached at will, and the boat would then come to the surface under any circumstances. When the boat had been lowered six feet, an attempt was made to work these wings, but their motion caused the boat to rock dangerously beckward and forward. The air inside became exhausted in a few minutes, and long before the water could be pumped out of the chambers the party were ready to faint. Finally the paddles had to be let go, and the boat then rose to the surface. Experiment after experiment followed, but with no better result. Mr. Speerman has consulted George Holgate, of this City, an engineer who has had much experience with submarine construction in the South, and Holgate, after a careful inspection, pronounced the affair an entire failure. He says there is nothing novel in its construction that any ordinary mechanic could not make, and that for torpedo purposes it is no better than a sailing vessel.

To Accommodate the Public.

The proprietors of that immensely popular remedy, Kidney-Wort, in recognition of the claims of the public which has so liberally patronized them, have prepared a liquid preparation of that remedy for the special accommodation of those who from any reason dislike to prepare it for themselves. It is very concentrated, and, as the dose is small, it is more easily taken by many. It has the same effectual action in all diseases of the kidneys, liver or bowels.—*Home and Farm.*

A WONDERFUL BANK.

The Only Man Who Ever Found the B

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and while it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf of orders containing subscription orders or books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

A. S. F., McMinnville, O.: The Stephanotis is a native of Madagascar.

J. E. M., Yorks, O.: Address E. F. Gambs, 56 South Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

W. H. T., Richfield, O.: No.

D. D., Colon Center: How many cubic inches in a bushel of coal? How many cubic inches in a bushel of coke?

W. F., Greenfield, Kan.: 1. What is the capital of Arizona. 2. Of New Mexico. 3. West Virginia.

I. Prescott. 2. Auckland. 3. Wheeling.

S. S. H., Dover, Mo.: Ask your member of Congress to attend to the matter for you, or address Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.

F. S., Springfield, O.: Can you give the date of the holding of the different County Fairs throughout the State? Where can I obtain the list?

Write to Secretary of State, Columbus, O.

G. W. H., Winters, Cal.: We do not think the proceedings of the Chicago Convention will be published in book form; but you might address Marshall Jewell, Hartford, Conn. He will know.

W. H. C., Thorntown, Ind.: Please settle a dispute by stating for which State people of the United States pay the most money, broadcloths or tobacco, in its various modes of consumption.

For broadcloths, more than three to one.

D. D., Burgoon O.: The Libby Prison was a large brick warehouse three stories in hight, occupied before the war by A. Libby & Sons, ship chandlers and grocers, from whence came its name. It is not now in existence, having been burned down about a year since.

O. W. Sutton, Hesperia, Newago Co., Mich. writes: "Will some of the readers of the BLADE who live in Kansas inform me through its columns or otherwise whether there is any government land open to homesteaders or not, and what is the soil and in what locality? What are the facilities for markets, fuel and water?

G. L. A., Brooklyn, Mich.: 1. Will you please inform me where to apply for a patent? 2. Has perpetual motion been brought to light? 3. If not, is there a reward offered for it?

1. Address Publishers Scientific American, New York City. 2 No. 3. We do not know of any reward, but any person would be safe in offering one.

B. E. C., Monroe, Ia.: 1. Who is Prime Minister of England? 2. Can an Indian become a voter in the United States? 3. What is the character referred to in "Whittier's Snow Bound," when he says, "Another guest that Winter might hashed back from its door?"

1. W. E. Gladstone. 2. He can, if he gives up the tribal relation. 3. The character is probably an imaginary one.

E. F., Harlem Corners, Ill.: 1. Does it take more or less pickets to build a fence over the top of a hill or to the top of a mountain than it does to enclose the same lot? 2. When a jury does not agree on a case can they be compelled to go a certain length of time without food or drink?

1. It takes just the same number. 2. The jury is under the orders and at the pleasure of the Court. Custom requires now that a jury should be furnished with food and drink when out in consultation, at regular hours.

W. H. F., Round Bottom, O.: 1. Is there any college in the United States devoted exclusively to the education of the Methodist Ministry? If so, where? 2. If not so please name some of the best colleges, and where located.

1. We think not. 2. Among the largest colleges conducted by Methodists are the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O., Mt. Union College, Mt. Union, O.; Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.; Albion College, Albion, Mich.

Ann National Bulletin, O.: Is there no law to prevent National Banks from returning their circulation in case they should combine for that purpose?

There is no law to compel National Banks to continue business. That was shown last Winter, when many of them withdrew their circulation. For that matter, there is no law to compel any man to engage in business if he cannot wish to invest his capital.

W. S. T., Chippewa Falls, Wis.: Who are the Representatives in the coming 47th Congress from Delaware, Florida, Texas and the 5th District of Pennsylvania?

From Delaware, Edward L. Martin, Democrat; from Florida, Robert H. M. David on and Jesse J. Finley, Democrats; from Texas, John H. Reagan, David R. Culberson, Olin Welborn, Roger Q. Mills, George W. Jones, Columbus Upson, Democrats, excepting Jones, who is a Greenbacker. William Godshalk, Republican, is a member from the Seventh District of Pennsylvania.

F. F., Brooklyn, Wis.: 1. What is the difference between common and registered bonds? 2. Are both transferable? 3. Is there a United States Bankrupt law? 4. Is there a bankrupt law or an insolvent law in the States?

1. All bonds have coupons attached, but are not all registered. The only difference is in the registering. 2. They are. The ordinary bonds of course by sale and delivery, and the registered bonds by the party to whom they were issued. 3. There is a general bankrupt law of the United States. 4. The United States law takes the place of all other bankrupt or insolvent laws in the several States.

F. T., Boston:

1. Is Sir Robert Peel a "Christian Deist or Atheist?" 2. Can Jeff Davis vote? If not, why? 3. Must the Vice President of the United States be a native born citizen? 4. Could a Rebel soldier who immediately after the war without first taking the oath of allegiance to the United States? 5. Can we destroy any object?

1. Christian. 2. No. He is disfranchised by act of Congress. 3. Yes. 4. Not in all the States. Therewere different regulations in different States. 5. Scientists claim not. The form may be changed, but it is held that nothing is actually destroyed.

D. T. S., Wayside, Kan.: What are "Dog Days," and why are they so called? How do their commencement and ending determine?

Among the ancients, dog days were the period of the greatest heat in summer, so named because in the latitude of the Mediterranean, this period nearly corresponded with that in which the dog star rose at the same time as the sun. To this conjunction all antiquity ascribed a malign influence. The time of their duration is differed from that fixed by the ancients. Modern almanac makers also differ, some making the period from July 3 to August 11, others from July 24 to August 24, and still others from July 25 to September 5.

F. H. P. Kendall, Derick City, Pa., writes: "I have in my possession a robin as white as snow, with red eyes, which I took from its nest. There was no other bird in the nest with the white one but it is a common robin red-breast. The chipbirds are common robins. Now, what I want to know is, how would you account for one of the young birds being white with red eyes? It is quite a curiosity. I have pets of chance to sell it but prefer to keep it. It is about four weeks old; is lively and eats well, and is growing nicely." We can offer no explanation, if it is a robin, except that it is a freak of nature. But the more natural supposition is that it is the product of a stray egg, deposited by some other variety of bird.

J. W. M., Neola, Kan.:

When was the White House built? How many rooms has it and what material is it built of? Is it in keeping with the other Government buildings?

The President's house or Executive Mansion was begun in 1792, and first occupied in 1800. It was burned by the British in 1814, rebuilt and again occupied in 1818. It is two stories high 170 feet long and 85 feet deep, with a portico on the north supported by eight Ionic columns, and a semi circular colonnade on the south of six Ionic columns. It is of Virginia freestone, and painted white. It is situated 1½ miles from the Capitol. We do not know the number of rooms it contains. It is a very desirable residence, and few Americans would refuse to spend four or even eight years there. In fact, there has been a desire in some quarters to extend the time to 12 years.

S. M., Rockland, Mass.:

Are there not two metals which by coming in contact with each other will generate electricity, or, in other words, make it a sort of battery? And can it be done, even to a limited extent, without the aid of any liquid?

The galvanic battery is constructed on the principle of bringing different metals in contact, which produces electricity. In order to effect the desired result they must be immersed in some liquid or moistened in some manner so as to produce the chemical action necessary. The mere contact of metals without such an agent would evolve no electric action. All batteries used for telegraph purposes are constructed on the principle of connecting different metals which are acted upon by a solution of some acid, generally sulphuric, although different liquids are used. Any work on galvanism or telegraphing will give a full explanation of the whole matter.

J. R. S., Scottdale, Pa.:

To make a practice of beer drinking for the health, is it profitable? Whose make is preferred, how much should be taken at each time? When is the best time to take it?

We have seen it stated that there are 78 different methods of adulterating beer. Of course we cannot vouch for this, but it seems to be generally understood that the beer of today bears but a slight resemblance to the beer manufactured 20 years ago. We should recommend you to take a quart of the best bottled beer, just before bedtime, and—throw it out the window. In this way you will help pay the National debt, save your health, and promote the cause of temperance—for the guzzler cannot guzzle the beer that is spilt.

A. E. M., Pleasant Gap, Ala.:

Can you tell me how figs are cured and prepared for market? Are the boxed figs we buy from grocers ever cured in the common figs grown in the Southern States?

They are either dried in the sun or in ovens built for the purpose. There are said to be more than 100 species of fig trees, some of them very large. The common fig is a native of the East, but is cultivated in Europe and the United States. In warm climates the fig yields two crops in the year—one from the older wood (midsummer shoots from the preceding year), and a second from the young wood (Spring shoots of the same year); but in colder regions the latter never comes to perfection. Fig trees are propagated by seeds, by suckers, etc; very frequently by layers or by cuttings. Nearly all the figs consumed in this country and England are produced in Turkey.

C. H. C., Hickman, Ill.:

Will you please give a short sketch of the Trojan war?

According to ancient history the siege of Troy, commonly called the "Trojan War" was brought on by the abduction of Helen, the wife of Menelaus, by Paris, the son of Priam, King of Troy. To revenge this outrage the Greeks spent 10 years in the collection of a vast armament, and at the end of that time a fleet of 1,186 ships, containing more than 100,000 men, was gathered together at Aulis in Bootia, and placed under the command of Agamemnon. The Trojans and their allies were driven within the walls of the City and nine years spent by the Grecian hosts in subduing the neighboring towns. Much of mythology is mixed with the account of the seige. It is stated that the gods brought on a quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, which for a time proved disastrous to the Greeks. Among the Greek heroes participating in the seige, besides Agamemnon, Menelaus and Achilles were Ulysses, Ajax, the son of Telamon, Domedes, Patroclus and Palmades; and among the bravest of Troy's defenders were Hector, Sarpadon and Æneas. The valor of Achilles, who slew Hector in revenge for the death of Patroclus, and the cunning of Ulysses finally prevailed, with the aid of Juno, Minerva and other divinities hostile to the Trojans, and after a siege of ten years Troy was utterly destroyed, Æneas and Anterior alone escaping with their families.

T. C. B. writes: "F. T. D., Dilday's Landing, Tenn., asks some questions about the Universalist Church, etc. In the Universalist Register, a statistical year book, published by the Universalist Publishing House, Boston, Mass., for 1878, I find the following which will answer his questions: The Universalist denomination has one general convention, 28 State conventions, 912 parishes, with which are connected 44,000 families, 691 church organizations having 35,560 members, 650 Sunday Schools, having 51,000 teachers and pupils, 765 church edifices valued, with other parish property above indebtedness at $7,000,000, 722 ministers and eight licensed lay preachers. It has five colleges and six academies, with competent teachers in every department of science and letters, and with an aggregate property valued at $2,200,000. In connection with two of the colleges there are two Theological schools for the education of ministers. With the denomination is connected the Universalist Publishing House, which publishes over 125 volumes and five periodicals. There are seven other periodicals published by the denomination. (2) A Historical Society which has a library of several thousand volumes, in which may be traced the history and fortunes of the faith in every age and country. (3) The Woman's Centenary Association of the Universalist Church, organized in 1869, and which has for its object the setting forth of the claims of God as the Father of all created intelligences, and the saving of souls from the bondage of sin and error."

A. L. S., Elvin, Ill.:

Who was Julius Cæsar? Was he a King? If so, when, where and how long did he reign? Who succeeded him?

He was descended from the ancient family of the Julii, and born at Rome, 100 B. C. After obtaining various appointments he was sent to command in Spain, and on his return was made Consul. Through the interest of Pompey he obtained the government of Gaul, where he enlarged the empire by his conquests, which he extended to Britain. This exciting the jealousy of the Senate, a decree was passed, by the influence of Pompey, to deprive him of his authority; but Cæsar, being informed of this, crossed the Rubicon, and thus a civil war commenced. Pompey and his friends retired to Dyrachium, and Cæsar, after subduing Italy, entered Rome. He next went to Spain, where he conquered all opposition, and on his return to Rome was declared Dictator and soon afterwards Consul. He met and defeated Pompey's army on the plains of Pharsalia, and pursued him into Egypt, where that General was murdered. While in Egypt Cæsar became enamored of Cleopatra, by whom he had a son. After defeating all his foes in Africa he returned to Rome in triumph, and the Senate created him perpetual Dictator. A band of formidable enemies plotted his life, Brutus being at their head. In the Senate, on the 15th of March, 44 B. C., Casca stabbed him; Cæsar turned to defend himself, but seeing Brutus among the conspirators, he made no further resistance, but gathering his robes about him fell at their feet exclaiming, "Tuquoque Brute!" No paragraph can do justice to the exploits of this remarkable man. His power passed into the hands of his nephew, Octavius, who with the aid of Lepidus and Antony, triumphed over the republican party, whose chief leaders were Brutus and Cassius.

C. T. P., Ellsworth, Kan.:

1. What is the relative rank of the titled dignitaries of England—Earl, Duke, Marquis, Knight, etc.? 2. Honorables each obtain his title? 3. What emolument does each bring? 4. To which do the titles Sir and Lord belong?

1 Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Knight. The title Duke, from the Latin dux, a leader, originally belonged to the Commander of armies. The title of a Duke is "his Grace." The Marquis ranking below the Duke, were originally the chieftains who guarded the frontiers of the country. Earls possess the most ancient titles of nobility in Great Britain. Originally they were the nobles to whom the Saxon Kings committed the charge of the several shires or Counties in which they lived. The Saxon Earl derived his title solely from his office, originally a gift from the Crown. The Viscount is a dignity in the British peerage, next below that of Earl. The application of the title as a dignity dates from the time of Henry VI. Anciently the Viscount was the deputy of the Earl. The foregoing are styled peers. Knights were originally men at arms bound to the performance of certain duties. Knighthood, originally a military distinction, now conferred upon civilians for distinguished and valuable service rendered to the Crown or the community. 3. There is no emolument to the title, unless specially voted by Parliament, as in the case of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, etc. 4. In Great Britain the title of Lord is given to peers of the realm including such Archbishops or Bishops as are members of the House of Lords in Parliament, who are Lords spiritual. By courtesy the title Lord is given to the eldest son of Dukes, Marquises and Earls, prefixed to an inferior title of the peerage, and to the younger sons of Dukes and Marquises prefixed to their Christian name and surname. The following official persons bear the title Lord, by virtue of their employment: The Lord Lieuteuant of Ireland, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Privy Seal, Lords of the Treasury and Admiralty, Lord High Admiral, Lords Chamberlain, High Constable, High Almoner, High Steward, Steward of the Household, in Waiting, and of the Bedchamber. There are also the Lords Justices, the Lord Chief Justice, Lords Mayor of London, York and Dublin, and Lords Provost of Edinburgh and Glasgow. The title Sir is given to the Knights.

E. A. B., Meriden, Kan.:

Please give the process of making nitroglycerine and dynamite and of exploding it.

Nitro-glycerine is formed by heating glycerine with concentrated nitric and sulphuric acid. They are heated together in the certain proportions in which they unite and form the explosive. Glycerine itself as is well known, is the sweet principle of oils, and is extracted from animal fats, and some vegetable substances, by an intricate and complicated chemical process. It is inodorous and colorless and has a sweetish taste. The qualities of the acids are well known. Nitro glycerine, now recognized as one of the most powerful explosives known, it having, when in its fullest strength, something like thirty times the power of the best blasting powder, was first discovered in 1847, by a Parisian chemist, but was not manufactured to any considerable extent until 1861, when Alfred Nobel, a Swede, commenced its manufacture on a large scale, and it and its compounds are now almost exclusively used in the heavier mining and rock cutting operations in the civilized world. It is clear, oily in appearance, odorless, of a yellow color, sweet to the taste and very poisonous. Its manufacture, unless conducted with great care, is dangerous, and workmen in the factories where it is made are subject to violent headaches from the fumes given off while mixing. It detonates in the open air under a violent blow or shock, and at times a moderate concussion will explode it, consequently the utmost caution is necessary in hauling it. It will also explode at a temperature of 180° C. When confined or frozen, a very light shock is sufficient to explode it. The usual method of setting it off is by a detonating fuse, the "exploder," as it is called, being made of some of the numerous fulminates and attached to the end of a safety fuse. It has the power of about twenty percussion caps and is ordinarily of the size of a 22 caliber pistol cartridge without the ball, which it much resembles. In blasting, where the drill hole is in solid rock, it is frequently filled with water and the necessary charge of glycerine poured in. Being heavier than water, it sinks to the bottom, the water acting as tamping, and it is exploded by the fuse as above stated. When the rock is full of seams, cartridges of pasteboard or tin are used. In all mines and places now where it is used the loading and firing is done by parties specially in charge, and accidents from its use are becoming rare. Dynamite is a finely pulverized silex or infusorial earth, saturated with three times its weight of nitro-glycerine. It constitutes a mass resembling Graham flour. It is used for blasting—always in the form of cartridges, and is exploded by means of a fulminating cap. Other explosives, of which nitro glycerine is the active principle, such as dualin, vigorite, giant powder, rend-rock, thunderbolt powder, litho-fracteur, pyroxeline, etc., are made by mixing with the glycerine walnut saw dust, cheap gunpowder, spent tan bark, dried cornmeal, and other substances. The strength is in proportion to the quality of the nitro glycerine to the other material. Neither nitro glycerine nor any of its compounds are used for other than blasting purposes. They all alike burn freely and without danger when openly exposed to the atmosphere.

A Reader, Jacksonville, Ill.:

1. Who wrote the poem entitled "Two Women?" 2. In what poem are these lines: "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying," and by whom?

1. It was probably a fugitive piece, as we find no copy of it. 2. The author was Gen. Wm. H. Lytle, of Ohio, who was born in Cincinnati in 1826, graduated at the old Cincinnati College and selected the law as his profession, although his predilections were towards that of a soldier. On the breaking out of the Mexican War he proffered his services, and although but 20 years of age, was elected a Captain in the Second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and served with distinction through the war. At the close he returned to Ohio to his law practice, was elected to the Legislature, and commissioned Major General of the Militia for the Southern District of Ohio. On the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, Gen. Lytle was one of the first to take the field. He with his regiment fought at Carnifex Ferry, where he was severely wounded. After he recovered he was with Gen. Mitchell in the Alabama campaign as a Colonel, and brought up the rear of Buell's army in its march through Kentucky. At the battle of Perryville he was again wounded. After this battle he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and as signed to the command of the First Brigade in Sherman's Division of the Army of the Cumberland. The brigade was for a long time on duty about Chattanooga, and was one of the first engaged at the bloody battle of Chickamauga. At the commencement of the battle the attack was made furiously on his command, and early in the day he fell pierced by three bullets while rallying his men for a charge. His body was sent through the lines under a flag of truce, and sent home to Cincinnati where it was buried with military honors. Till the outbreak of the war poetry was to him a frequent occupation and amusement, and one of the fugitive pieces entitled "Antony and Cleopatra," that commences with the lines alluded to, was widely copied from the paper in which it was first published. The entire poem is given below:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ere the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, oh Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

"Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew each Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

"Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

"Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her, say the gods bear witness,
Alaric, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of Kings.

"And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and scepters,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,
They are coming; quick, my falchion,
Let me free! Now, now I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!"

Information Wanted.

Robert Beckett, (no postoffice) wants the address of Gen. D. N. Couch.

Hiram Barnes, Birmingham, Ia., wants the address of Franklin M. Warford, 3d Ia. Cav.

Charles Bronson, of Tiffin, O., wants the address of Dr. Fichbiatt, a traveling physician.

Morgan Warren, Clarence, Shelby Co., Mo., wants to correspond with some members of Co. F, 1st N. Y. Cav.

J. W. Elder, Anish, Ia., wants the address of Dr. Stewart, Regimental Steward of the 66th Illinois, at Camp Butler in 1861.

H. B. Condit Avinsville, Marion Co., Or., wants the address of Charles Wells; last heard of in Jackson Co., Ia., some 10 years ago.

A. Allison, Edna, Kan., wants the address of Charles Ramer, supposed to be in Kansas.

L. L. Ridgeway, Wadesburg, Mo., wants the address of Samuel Ridgeway, supposed to be in Arkansas.

Noah Bishler, Culbertson, Neb., wants the address of some commissioned officer of Co D, 18th Ind. Inf.

Augustus Christian, Jamesport, Daviess Co., Mo., wants the address of some officer or member of Co. F, 4th U. S. Vet. Vol. Inf.

Jerrie R. Mason Mattoon, Ill., wishes to learn the whereabouts of L. W. Bicknell, who professes to be a Baptist Minister.

James Brumegen, Uriontown, Kan., wants the address of Dr. Meacham in charge of general hospital at Knoxville in Spring of 1865.

J. P. Davis, Gibsonburg, Sandusky Co., O., wants to learn the name and address of the surgeon in charge of the hospital at New Albany, Ind. in the Spring of 1863.

L. G. Messenger, Richmond, Kan., wants the address of Thomas J. Riggs or Alson J. Gilbert assistant surgeons of the 7th Ills. Cav.; also of Frank Mount, a Lieutenant in Co. D, same regiment.

James Wilmoth, Kingston, Kan., wishes to correspond with some member of Gen. E. M. McCook's staff or escort at Chickamauga; he also wants the address of Capt. Greene, or any soldier under him at Bardstown, Ky., in 1862.

J. F. Perry, Shobonier, Ill., wants to learn the whereabouts of the children of George Rogers, who left Tennessee for Arkansas some years ago.

Joseph Potter, Chillicothe, Mo., wishes to learn the full name of F. A. South Saginaw, Mich., and further particulars about blasting stumps.

Information Furnished.

W. J. M., Utica, Mo.: Address Painter's Magazine, New York City.

F. S., Nicholas, Station, Ia.: Address Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York City.

J. P. Almont, Ia.: Mr Locke's name is pronounced Lock, the "e" being silent.

O. L. B., Neapolis, O.: Write to Solomon & Chapman, Washington, D. C., for McPherson's Handbook of Politics.

F. G. M., New Grenada, Pa.: Address Painter's Magazine, New York City. We cannot answer your other questions, as we make no pretentions to prophecy.

T. J. R., Jefferson City, Pa.: You can obtain all political platforms in McPherson's Handbook of Politics. Address Solomon & Chapman, Washington, D. C. We cannot spare the space to republish the platforms of 20 years.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this it will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.20, signed Jas. Dinwiddie, no postoffice, county or State.

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Leisening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Letter containing $2, dated at Clinton, Mich., signed Albert Chase; no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $1, signed James P. Dunaway. Can't read address.

Will Philo Hayes, of Miles City, give his full postoffice address, and the matter in reference to check No. 785 will be looked up.

Letter containing 80 cents, signed by W. M. Barrow, P. M., to pay for BLADE for Reding Sutherland, no postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1.25, signed S. E. Miller, no postoffice, County or State.

Will E. Hayes, P. M., give his full postoffice address and the non receipt of the papers by B. F. Shankard and J. Cowan will be looked into.

Letter containing $1, dated Sobree, no County or State, signed Geo. G. Cole.

IF HE WERE.

What Mr. Butterby and His Family Would Do If Installed in the White House.

Detroit Free Press.

"Now, if I was President," began Mr. Butterby, the other morning, as he passed his cup over for a second cup of coffee, "if I was President of the United States—"

"Which you aren't, you know," broke in Mrs. B. in an argumental and confidential tone.

"And not likely to be," added Mrs. B.'s mother, with a contemptuous toss of the head.

"No," assented Mr. B. pleasantly, "but I was just supposing the case—"

"Then suppose something in reason," retorted Mrs. B. snappishly. "You might as well suppose you was the man in the moon or the Man in the Iron Mask or—"

"So I might, my dear, so I might," assented Mr. B., still pleasantly smiling "but that has nothing to do with it. I was merely going to say that if I was President of the United States I'd—"

"My!" burst in Miss Gertrude, aged 18, "wouldn't it be splendid if you was, pa? Just to think how those Wheeldetop girls would change their tune when I meet them, instead of throwing out their insinuations about people who consider it Christian like to turn their last season's silk dress, so that they may have more to give to charity. But they might turn green with envy before I would ever——"

"Yes, and wouldn't I warm it to Sammy Dugan just," chirped in Master Thomas, aged 12. "I'd go up to him an' smack him on the nose with a brick 'fore he knowed where he was, an' he dassent hit me back then, 'cos it 'ud be treason, an' they'd hang him; and I'd sit on the sidewalk, and shy snowballs at the p'leeceman, and pass Miss Ferule, an' play hockey every day when it didn't rain, an' I'd—"

"Yes," crimed in Mrs. B., catching the infection of her enthusiastic progeny, "and then I'd be the first lady in the land, let the rest be who she would, and Governors' wives would beg to be introduced to me, and I'd have balls twice a week and banquets every day, and—"

"And I'd have the management of the White House and run things," remarked Mrs. B.'s mother, her eyes sparkling with the prospect.

"Not much you wouldn't," from Miss Gertrude, "not much if I keep my health and know myself, you wouldn't, not as long as I was the President's daughter, and—"

"Yah!" ejaculated Master Tom, "I guess the President's son would be the biggest plum in that dish? Wouldn't I be the Prince of Whales then—say? What'ud you know 'bout—"

"Shut up—all of you!" commanded Mrs. B. "I reckon the President's wife is the highest authority in the land! Anyhow, there'd be a dusty old time if anybody questioned it, and I bet when the exercises were finished the surgeon would not ask for an electoral commission to decide it over again! My! I'd like to see anybody—but, by the way, Mr. Butterby, what was it you was going to say you would do if you was the President of the United States?"

"Resign as soon as the Lord would let me," said Mr. Butterby, calmly but determinedly.

And then a meditative silence fell upon the family and remained there until the meeting arose.

Gone. Inflammatory rheumatism, cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Ira Brown.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mosquitos in London.

London News.

Within the last few days the metropolis has been visited by a swarm of mosquitos, the insects first making their appearance in the neighborhood of Rotherhite on board some vessel laden with hides from South America. Several persons have complained of being stung, and in Chelsea the other day the well known buzzing of the visitors was distinctly heard. It is well known to the inhabitants of the docks that the insect is imported in large numbers from Bologne on board vessels containing cargoes of wool and fur.

If you have any skin diseases or diseases of the hair or scalp, any itching or discolorations, sun burns, freckles, pimples, rough or dry harsh skin, you have in Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure a sure, perfect and elegant remedy. Sold by all druggists.

Ben Hill's Tongue.

Chicago Times.

The surgical operation recently performed upon Sen. Ben Hill's tongue leaves that gentleman wholly speechless. His recovery by the time Congress reopens is certain, for Ben Hill on the floor of the Senate will speak though he'll itself should gape and bid him hold his peace.

It is impossible for a woman, after a faithful course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the uterus. Enclose a stamp, to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

The Sunday School.

The Manna.

LESSON 8, SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.—John 6: 32.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 16: 1 8.

1. And they took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel came unto the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the 15th day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt.

2. And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness.

3. And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.

4. Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you, and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or not.

5. And it shall come to pass, that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily.

6. And Moses and Aaron said unto all the children of Israel, At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out from the land of Egypt.

7. And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord; for that he heareth your murmurings against the Lord, and what are we that ye murmur against us?

8. And Moses said, this shall be, when the Lord shall give you in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full; for that the Lord heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him; and what are we? your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

And they took their journey from Elim and . . . came unto the wilderness (v. 1). The Lord does not intend that his children shall stop always at Elim. Twelve wells of water and 70 palm trees make altogether too easy living for those who are under training, and who have just set out on a pilgrimage. It is a part of the Lord's plan that those whom he loves shall have a taste of bitter waters as well as of sweet, and of wilderness life as well as of life in a garden. There are Elims all along the way of life; but they must be taken as along the way, and not as the end of it. When you are at Marah, where your heart taints is mocked with bitterness, be cheered in the thought that this is only a station of your journey, and that Elim is just ahead. When you are at Elim rejoice in it, and get all the refreshing you can from its fountains and shades. When you must move on from Elim and be again in the wilderness, understand that Elim is not the place of your final rest, but there are better things in store for you than the best you had there. The best things to the child of God are always ahead, and leaving Elim to cross the wilderness is a move toward those best things.

The whole congregation . . . murmured against Moses and Aaron (v. 2) Poor Moses and Aaron! If the water was scanty or bitter, they were blamed for it. If the weather was hot, it was held to be their fault. If the wilderness was hard to travel who else was responsible? If provisions were short, they ought to have known better than to have come on such a tramp as this. And all the people were agreed as to where the blame lay, and were ready to join in grumbling because they were under such leaders. Yet so far, the only persons who deserved no blame whatsoever on this journey were Moses and Aaron. There is one thing we ought to learn from these facts, and that is when everybody finds fault with those in authority, it doesn't follow that the leaders are deserving of censure. The voice of the people is not the voice of God—on all occasions; not by a great deal. There is a vast amount of popular clamor against rulers and leaders that shows nothing more than the unreasonableness and the fault-finding nature of people generally. Rulers and leaders in the State and the Church, and the school, and the home and in business establishments, and leaders in politics and in the community at large—may be, and often are, deserving of blame, but some other evidence of this is needed than the fact that everybody growls about them. And whoever is in authority must understand that his doing just right will not as a matter of course keep him from being found fault with by everybody. The whole congregation and the whole community like to find fault with somebody when their things go wrong with them, and they are pretty sure to do it too.

In the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full (v. 3.) How much easier it is to remember the full flesh pots and the heaped bread baskets of the good old days in Egypt, than to recall the wearisome brick-making and the bitter slavery, which them prompted our agonized prayers for deliverance! How much more natural it is to think of the few things we lack of our new life of to-day, than to consider the many and larger blessings of our cons rast with the former times. If we stop whining over the things we miss, long enough to hear what is said by those about us, we shall find the whole congregation recalling their memories of the good family government, or the larger or church attendances, or the greater interest in Bible study, or the purer political atmosphere, or the higher standards of popular morality, or something else in former times which they think was better than that which we have. And if we stop long enough to examine into the points in question, we shall find that we have made a positive gain just where the loss is mourned as greatest. Having stopped thus long, we had better not begin our whining again; but determine to imitate the Israelites in something else than their longings after Egypt.

I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day (v. 4). Even when God opens the windows of heaven to supply the needs of his children he insists that they shall work for all that they get of it. God didn't tell the people to lie flat on their back with open mouths, that the manna might be rained directly down their throats. Nor did he heap up the manna so that they could fill their baskets without an effort. They must get up early and go about their tents and pick up the manna, bit by bit until they had enough to last the day through. There is no other way of getting our share of any bread from heaven. If we want bible food for ourselves or others, we must go out and gather a certain rate every day." It takes some time to get enough together for a sermon or a Sunday School lesson, or an "off-hand talk" in prayer-meeting with any nourishment in it; and even that will not answer for the days to come, if we attempt to keep it over when we might gather a fresh supply. If we want heaven-sent strength or wisdom or prosperity in our family or our business, we must expect to work for it. We have a right to look to heaven for more of daily bread than the wilderness itself could supply; but we have no right to look to heaven to save us from the trouble and toil of going out to pick up a certain rate of that bread day by day.

On the sixth day . . . it shall be twice as much as they gather daily (v. 5.) God will give a special supply for special needs. And the need of rest on his Sabbath is a need God is sure to recognize. He wants his children to observe that day, and to plan during the week so as to keep it sacred. God is just as ready now as in the days of the exodus to give an extra supply of heaven sent food during the working days of the week to enable those who would honor him to refrain from their own pursuits on his day. And God is just as sure always to see that there is no real gain in working seven days in the week. We can do more work and get more food in six days than in seven. But we can never have a profitable Sabbath unless we make provision for that day before it comes to us. It needs looking out for, at least as early as the day before.

Your murmurings are not against us but against the Lord (v. 8) There is a great deal of murmuring against the Lord in a back handed way. Every time we find fault with the weather, it is the Lord we find fault with. So when we complain of our lot in life, or of our losses by death. So when we murmur at anything whatsoever which God has ordained. Even our fault finding with those about us is often an indirect complaint of the Lord. When we rebuke some scholar, or servant, or clerk for being so stupid, or so awkward or so blundering; what that poor fellow is doing the very best he can, he might turn about and say to us reproachfully, "What am I? The Lord didn't give me your sense and skill. Your murmurings are not against me, but against the Lord." It ought to check the strain of our murmurings, to consider how many of them are really direct and against the Lord.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

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TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, AUG. 11.

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NASBY IN EUROPE,

On July 16th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st.

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in size and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last Summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for 50c. It will not be put upon the market at all, and can only be had by subscribing for THE BLADE.

Those desiring these letters complete and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately. Specimen Copies of THE BLADE mailed to any address upon application. Send your subscription direct. Address

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Circulation this Week, 83,000

MR. LOCKE'S LETTERS.

Mr. Locke has a genuine talent for discovering interesting people in odd vocations, and out-of-the-way places, and drawing from them their ideas and experiences. His letter this week is one of the happiest efforts in this line that has yet appeared. It portrays the ins and outs of the "show" business in a telling way which cannot fail to bring down the house wherever it is read. The hundreds of thousands of BLADE readers will be sure to enjoy it it immensely.

NEGRO labor in Southern cotton mills is said to be a failure.

MISS CARSON sings a pæan of praise of the onion as an article of food.

GREAT BRITAIN has nearly 80,000 acres of land under cultivation for hops.

NOW we are harrowed up with the information that the Deleware peach crop is a failure.

AND now the other GUITEAU bullet is found in a little yellow dog's back. Wonderful bullet that.

BEN. BUTLER will not run for Governor of Massachusetts this year, but gives notice he will be on hand at the next election.

SPAIN is having a taste of excessive hot weather. The temperature ranges from 92° to 110° in the shade. Crops in the North have been seriously injured.

A GERMAN newspaper published in Frankfort is now 261 years old; one at Magdeburg 253, and one at Leipsic 207. As a rule however, newspapers in Germany are not long lived.

THE tax on 567,000,000 cigarets smoked in the United States last year at $1.75 per thousand amounted to $992,929. These cigarets were a horrible compound of cheap paper, poor tobacco and dirt.

JENNY LIND has just received the highest royal honor ever bestowed upon a woman in Sweden. It is the *Litteris et Artibus* medal, set in diamonds, to be worn upon her neck on a blue ribbon of the Order of Seraphim.

IT is said that the Queen induced the International Medical Congress to refuse to admit woman doctors to the meetings. Forty-three of the latter who were properly qualified entered their protest against this exclusion.

THERE are grounds for fear that Dr. Bliss is seeking a reputation as the great National humorist. The jokes of his that have been telegraphed so far are hardly up to the ordinary minstrel type, even, but practice may improve him.

OF 14 Generals who commanded troops at the grand review at Paris, on the 14th ult., four had risen from the ranks by virtue of their own soldiership, and without the help of influence of any kind. This shows how much more democratic the French army is than our own.

AN AUSTRIAN physician has discovered that the "superior frontal convolution" of habitual criminals is not continuous, but divided into "four sub-convolutions analogous to the parts found in predatory carnivorous animals." Now there is some hope of crime being crushed, if that is what is the matter.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE week has passed uneventfully, if we except a variety of storms, cyclones, and other elemental disturbances in various parts of the country, and which are unusually numerous this Summer. The condition of the President continues to be the most engrossing topic, and the public never seem to weary of reading the rather monotonous bulletins. His recovery makes substantial but very slow progress continually, and is necessarily accompanied by much tedium and trying sameness. An increase in the febrile symptoms during the latter part of the week suggested the stoppage of the flow of pus, and on Monday the surgeons made another incision which released the imprisoned pus. The reduction of the President's strength resulting from his long illness has sapped his elasticity so that he did not rally so quickly as from former operations, but the reaction set in finally, and now all the hopeful symptoms are manifested again.

WHETHER the sweeping changes now being made among the high officials in Russia really denotes a reform as is claimed or not, it is hard to tell. At any rate the Czar has been retiring to private life many of those who have held important positions, and among the most prominent who have received their dismissal are the the Grand Dukes, his uncles. The *Golos*, one of the most out-spoken and fearless of the Russian newspapers, has been suspended for six months for criticising the conduct of the Prince of Bulgaria and Gen. ERNORTH, and for exposing the disorder existing on board Russian men-of-war on foreign stations.

THE struggle over the Land bill in the English Parliament is still going on. The Irish Agitator, JOHN DILLON, who has been for some time confined in Kilmainham jail, has been released unconditionally. The week in London has been one of considerable interest as three International Congresses have been in session there; the Young Men's Christian Association; the Pharmacentists, and the Doctors. They were all well attended and a great deal of business transacted.

IN Spain the excitement of the week is the approaching elections. Senor SAGASTA and his friends are greatly disturbed by the boldness of the opposition, which seems to be growing in strength every day. The object of the Government is to increase the military power of the State, in order that she may take something like her old position in Europe.

JUST now there is in the Eastern Cities a boom in melons, New York in particular. Few people are aware of the fact that nearly 100,000 watermelons are received daily at that City, and that a single firm will handle nearly half a million this season. The first melons come from Florida and Texes, then Georgia, then North and South Carolina, after which Virginia and Maryland, and New Jersey finishes up the season. New York is the distributing point as far west as Chicago, and as the "fruit" is not of the particularly perishable kind, as the melon will last easily two weeks, there is comparatively little risk in handling it. All the principal points East are supplied from New York, mostly by rail, the city obtaining the bulk of its supply by vessel. When it is taken into consideration that the prices for which the melons are sold running from $10 to $30 per 100, it is easy to estimate how handsome a sum is realized from the business. The season is late, and it is expected that the balance of the month's receipts will be enormous. The musk-melon or cantelope will follow, and promises also to be unusually heavy, partially on account of the light peach crop. The negro has been often quoted as being inordinately fond of the watermelon, but the business of the New York dealers shows that there is no nationality to which the fruit is distasteful. Indeed, as one of the prominent operators observed, they all "hanker" after them.

INTEREST in cremation is awakening again in Germany, and it is reported that the Government is taking measures looking to the adoption of it as a method of reform in the disposition of the dead. The recent exhibition of open graves at the overcrowded colored cemetery in Pittsburg points to the beneficial effect of burning the dead rather than to preserve them to become a source of sickness and plague.

THE unpleasant discovery is made that the only child of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk is not only blind but idiotic. The Duke of Norfolk is the head of the HOWARD family, which has the bluest blood in all England, but that is not enough to prevent the steady degeneration of the stock, by reason of generations of surfeiting and inaction until this melancholy result is reached.

THE Board of Managers of the American Bible Society report the receipts for July at $37,480, and the number of volumes issued 85,872. Over 3,400 destitute families were supplied with Bibles, and $3,700 was granted for enlargement of the society's work in China and Japan.

THE Swiss in the United States now number over 100,000 and the question has been broached as to whether it would not be for the interest of both countries to send a Swiss Minister to the United States, and to reestablish the rank of our mission to Berne to a grade corresponding with other nations.

THE Canadian postal authorities are stealing our mail bags and putting their own locks and fixtures on them. There is nothing that the Canadians will not take from this country, if they have the opportunity, except good advice.

WHEN a man begins asking himself, "Does it pay to be honest?" he is preparing to demonstrate practically that no man can afford to be dishonest.

PHILADELPHIA still keeps up the six-cent fare on street railroads. It must occasion an immense amount of annoyance to make change.

THE Norwich Pistol Company has made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors.

OUR HUMOROUS POSTER.

We are mailing thousands of our new posters, illustrating Nasby's travels in Europe, to applicants from all quarters. It is a comical illustration of the old Parson, and we mail them free to any person who will post them in a conspicuous place.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

The Virginia Bourbons have really no superior claims to honesty which entitle them to preference over the Readjusters. It is true that they profess a strong intention of paying the State debt in full, but they have always done so while still making no effort whatever to carry the intention out. Every year of their government has shown the debt largely increased, the funds misappropriated, and the taxes decreased. This is a poor record for what pretends to be a debt-paying organization.

The position of the party has been aptly defined by the old saying of the debtor "that he would rather owe his creditor always than cheat him out of a cent of the amount due him." To judge from their actions so far, the Bourbons would make the debt perpetual, and add to it every year the amount of the defaulted interest. It is obvious that this furnishes no basis upon which to found a claim for superior morality, which is the only claim the Bourbon party now makes for life. Against this very dubious self-assertion is arrayed a fearful category of the worst crimes a party can be guilty of: of numberless crimes against the rights of citizens, and the sacredness of the ballot-box, of years of stifling the voice of the people, of continued perversion to bad uses of power grasped by these wicked means, and of thereby condemning a great State to slothfulnes, inaction, poverty and reproach among all people. This is the fearful indictment against the Democratic party in Virginia, which has dragged down the State into the Slough of Despond and held her there, while all her Northern sisters were making the most gratifying progress.

The ascendency of the Bourbons has been an unmixed evil, and so great a one that we can afford to be somewhat careless as to the means by which it is ended. The Republicans are offered an alliance with the Re-adjusters of the other faction of the Democracy, in that they propose to take such steps immediately as will compromise the debt and begin its liquidation, which is a notable advance on the program of the Debt-Payers who take no steps to pay the debt. The Re-adjusters promise what is of still more importance, that every man shall be equal in citizenship, and that his vote shall be honestly counted, and that incubus which has hitherto weighed down the State's advancement shall be removed. They have given sufficient evidence of their sincerity to these principles to warrant entire belief in their honest adherence to them, and with the present hopelessness of the Republicans being able to carry the State with a straight ticket, it would seem as if the reasons for making the coalition, and redeeming the State from the ascendancy of its most damaging elements are incontrovertible.

THE ENGLISH PREMIER.

When Mr. GLADSTONE became Prime Minister of Great Britain, he undertook a task, the magnitude of which few people appreciated. Lord BEACONSFIELD was regarded by the whole nation as a man of wonderful genius, and although his policy in particular instances might not be approved, yet in a general way he had added much to the glory of the country. But South Africa was disturbed, Afghanistan was in no wise in a settled condition, and Ireland was brooding over her wrongs and developing the agitation which has since rocked her so violently. Had Mr. GLADSTONE been a statesman of less ability, had he not possessed such ripe judgment and keen insight into the needs of Great Britain and her dependencies, the record of the past year or two would have been very different.

Last Saturday night a banquet was given at the Mansion House to the Ministers, at which the Premier made a speech, referring to both his home and foreign policy. The land bill he regarded as the one great measure which he hoped to see placed upon the statute book. His words were significant of his belief, that in spite of all the opposition the bill would in the end pass. This is no doubt true altho the struggle may be a long one. He spoke very earnestly in regard to the disgraceful scenes in what was the "noblest legislative body in the world."

Mr. GLADSTONE's remarks were received with every mark of favor until he came to his foreign policy. The expressive silence did not prevent him from expressing his opinions with respect to the Transvaal, that the Boers deserved good treatment as well as the other British colonies, that they were in the main loyal, and that England could afford to acknowledge herself in the wrong rather than to persecute a people who had shown themselves determined to maintain their liberties in the face of such overwhelming odds.

The whole of the Premier's speech showed what has been the aim of this Government from its beginning until now, and that is the preservation of peace everywhere. He sees that any glory which might be won could not repay the misery that any considerable war would entail upon the people. So far he has been successful in preserving the honor of the nation without resorting to any desperate or questionable means. Mr. GLADSTONE has won the respect of other countries in an eminent degree, and he may well maintain his position as he did last Saturday night, even in the face of marked disapproval.

THE decrease of $4,532,500 in the reserve of specie held by the New York banks, and a decrease of $4,435,300 in deposits, as shown by the averages for last week, seemed to indicate that the outflow of money to the West had begun a week or two earlier than usual. The speculators and stock operators took some alarm at this, but they are recovering on the strength of expectation that the importation of gold will be resumed in a few days, as the French bankers recently bought 40,000,000 francs of bullion "for exportation to America in September." Though the weather last week was excessively hot, and the Stock Exchange dull, the volume of business transacted was very large, above the average for the time of year, and the exchanges in New York exceeded $600,000,000. Unusually large imports and active speculation in grain account for a part of the transactions, but there is a remarkably large business for the season in all branches of trade.

MR. FLORENCE, the actor, who with his wife has just arrived from Europe, says the people in England are fairly crazy over MCCULLOUGH, whose success there a la splen did one.

A MISUNDERSTOOD ORGAN.

The American people have lately been favored with a great deal of talk, which contained precious little information, upon the nature and functions of the liver. We do not find fault with the amount of his chatter, but with the paucity of the real knowledge imparted. There is no subject that people need more copious and accurate knowledge upon than the four pounds of lobules, arteries, ducts, and anastomosing veins which make up this mysterious organ. The ignorance—both lay and professional—in regard to this largest gland of the body, and one of the most active and important of the viscera, is simply amazing. There is nothing equal to it, unless it is the dense misinformation of a Greenbacker on rudimentary financial principles, or of a Democrat as to the meaning of "Reform." Even the doctors, with all their glib descriptiveness of it in words of learned length and thundering sound really know as little of it as say HANCOCK does of tariff, or JOHN W. BOOKWALTER of political economy. In the 6 000 years in which medicine has been a science deemed of the highest importance to the human race, they have, under the severe prodding they have been continually subjected to, gained a tolerably accurate knowledge of the action and functions of the brain, heart, lungs, stomach, skin, etc. We say 'tolerably accurate" advisedly, because that knowledge is more general than particular; they know that in a great majority of instances that certain rules obtain, but they are continually coming across exceptions that leave them dumb and helpless.

But when it comes to the great viscus of the hypochondrium they encounter a problem like the geographer's puzzle as to the true source of the Nile, and the nature of the landscape about the poles. This was well—we wish we could say "happily"—illustrated, by the great calomel era in medical practice. Sometime, we do not know when, but it was probably in the dark ages, some doctor formulated the theory that nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to arise from a 'deranged liver." So it was that whenever a diagnosis did not point clearly to the sick man's ailment proceeding from a diseased heart or lungs, the attending physician said, on the principle that the man thought his dog must be a good coon-hunter because he had tried him for everything else and found him worthless.

"Why, this chap's liver is out of order." I'll stip up the secretions a little, and fetch him out all right."

If doctor and patient belonged to the time of the first CHARLES the medical attendant "stirred up the secretions" by the application of a cataplasm procured from the nearest cow-stable, and perhaps accompanied it with an "alterative draught" brewed from materials obtained in a neighboring hen roost. By SHAKESPERE's time the profession had so far "advanced" as to adopt a "truly scientific method of treatment," (the profession is always advancing to these truly scientific methods), and when the great poet fell ill and the customary diagnosis of a disordered liver was made, the leading physician of the Town "stirred up the secretions" by binding on the poetic abdomen and the soles of the feet pigeons which had been slit open while living, and whose blood yet had the warmth of life. This was the percursor of the present liver pad.

In Queen ANN'S time the profession had "advanced" to the truly scientific method of "stirring up the secretions" with immense boluses of "mummy powder." The Egyptian catacombs were ravaged of their well preserved dead; the courtiers of RAMESES, SESOTRIS, and MANEPHRAH were torn from their rest of centuries, and ground up—cerements, cartonnages, scarabi, resinous gums and all, to be forced down the throats of ailing Europeans.

The next step of advance of the profession toward truly scientific methods was the calomel era, which lasted down to within a few years. Then a doctor went forth to practice loaded down with mercurials, and little else, even as a soldier goes forth to battle loaded down with cartridges and nothing else, and the sickly sun shone sorrowfully down on a salivated world.

A few years ago a doctor gravely asked his fellow practitioners these pertinent questions:

1. Is it sure that the liver is the origin of the troubles that we ascribe to it?

2. Even if it is sure, do we cure the disease by "stirring up the secretions?"

3. Even if sure, and it is necessary to "stir up the secretions," does calomel do it?

4. Even if sure, and it is necessary to stir up the secretions, and calomel does it, is calomel the proper agent to use?

Whereupon they all said that really they hadn't thought much about it, but it is quite likely that it did not, and so the reign of calomel and blue mass ended, and the bereft doctors crowned a successor in resin podophyllum.

Naturally the liver superstition took a deeper hold of the masses than the doctors, and no scapegoat over bore such a load of the sins and transgressions of men and women as the hepatic viscus. Is a woman too indolent to take proper exercise, too careless of her food to preserve her digestion, too ignorant or reckless of sanitary laws to maintain her health, and has not yet developt any special organic trouble, then "her liver is out of order." Does a man look too often on the foaming lager when it is yellow in the schooner, and moveth its rotting starch globules aright; does he smoke three strong cigars a day when one is one too many for him; does he bolt the fly-specked sandwich at the lunch stand, and eat fried tripe and pickled pig's feet at midnight, he speedily develops "a liver complaint," and forever after he is bound to wheels of the chariots in which ride the triumphant humbugs who make and sell, "Liver Pills," "Liver Pads," "Liver Specifics," "Liver Renovators," "Liver Tonics," "Liverwort and Chan-calsuga," "Liver Kings," "Cholagogs," and so on to the end of the quack calendar.

We mourn over the cost of standing armies to the impoverished people of Europe, and yet our people pay out every year more for worthless liver nostrums than would feed, clothe and pay the entire German army. And the money paid for these things is absolutely thrown away; it is worse than wasted, because the medicines never by any chance did anybody any good, while the German army is a good school, which educates the youth of the Nation.

The Government can do no greater service to its people than by at once instituting measures by which reliable knowledge of the offices of the liver in the human economy can be obtained and diffused among the masses. Such knowledge would be cheap at any cost. The comfort and well-being of every man, woman and child in the Nation depend upon it, for every one knows that he or she has a liver, and feels that it is a malignant, treacherous part of him and her, ready at any time to turn and rend his or her whole being.

Let us drop North Pole expeditions, and sorghum growing experiments, and turn the whole national attention to this gravest of physiological problems.

A PRISON PICTURE.

A great deal has been said in this country in regard to the condition of prisons, jails, and reformatories, their discipline, sanitary arrangements, etc., and yet the majority of people would deny with indignation that anything could be found as fearful as the descriptions of the prisons in foreign countries show to exist there, yet the following sketch by a correspondent of the New York *Times* presents a picture to view, which is a burning shame and disgrace to any civilized nation:

The lock-up for Wake County, N. C., is a low, brick structure two stories in height. Entering from the residence of the jailer, a few dismal apartments in front, through doors three feet high let in the wall, the cells were reached. On the top floor were two cells, each about 10 feet square. In one cell were three white prisoners, one of whom was a candidate for a lunatic asylum. All three were partly disrobed, as the den was excessively hot, the air coming in through three small windows, one on each side of the room. There were no bunks for sleeping in, no light, and in the dusk lime was seen sprinkled about on the floor where something offensive had to be covered up. It was inexpressibly close and filthy, and a good place to leave. In the cell adjoining were four men and a boy—all black. This cell was hotter than the other, and all the prisoners were partly disrobed. One lay on the floor with a blanket under his head, a shirt on his body, and nothing else whatever to cover him. Around one thigh there was a bandage, which, upon inquiry, was found to protect a great gash made by a razor wielded by a woman. The man ought to have been in hospital under treatment, but he had not even seen a doctor for two days. One of the black prisoners said: "You ought to see the cut; it's deep as a gutter." The prisoners were playing cards, in which the boy, arrested for stealing shoes, had joined. The heat of the place was terrible and the filth indescribable. Down stairs were four smaller cells. In one of them were four prisoners, one of whom was a black man named Morgan, condemned to death for shooting another black man through the head. The other prisoners were under arrest for minor offenses. The cell was noisome and filthy, and lacked bunks and other ordinary conveniences. In one of the four cells, each about eight feet square, were five black women, all sitting upon the floor at one side of the small enclosure. The remaining two cells were empty, and the wonder was that the prisoners crowded into the others had not been distributed and made more comfortable. The only answer made was that the idea had not occurred, the probability being that Southlike, the prisoners had been huddled to save the exertion of attending to two batches of them in different rooms, when half a dozen could be fed or watered at once.

THE NASBY PAMPHLETS.

These humorous little pamphlets written by Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, are having an enormous sale. We send them, post paid, on receipt of price named below, and they afford more than the money's worth of amusement. They are as follows:

Nasby as a Banker (illustrated), price 10 cents.

The Democratic John Bunyan (illustrated), price 10 cents.

Diary of an Office Seeker, price 15 cents or all three for 30 cents.

THE White House must be in a fearful sanitary condition if all that is stated in regard to it is to be believed. Bath rooms and closets without ventilation and foul odors arising therefrom, defective drainage, rotten timbers, all these joined to the miasma rising from the swamps near, and if the President should get well it would be with terrible odds against him. The state of things there, if anything like as bad as represented, is a disgrace to the Nation.

MAYOR MEANS, of Cincinnati, received a letter from an English lady regarding the great number of deaths from sunstroke in that City, and suggesting the wearing as a sure prevention, of raw silk upon the head and back of the neck and also upon the shoulders. She says it is the electricity of the sun, and not the heat, that causes the trouble, carrying, as it does, all of the electricity of any substance which it strikes with it into the ground.

IF the reports regarding one EASTMAN, an Indian agent in New Mexico, are true, the Government shows little good sense in sending him back to his old place. He acquired, while there, the determined hostility of the Indians by compelling them to observe the Sabbath or lose their rations, and was obliged to leave on account of the intense feeling against him. He is now reinstated, placing New Mexico in danger of a bloody war.

THE Chicago *Tribune* advises farmers along the shores of Lake Erie to cultivate the black walnut tree, as the supply is exhausted in Canada, and the demand for it for wood work and furniture is very heavy. As is well known the tree flourishes in the locality named.

AGENTS WANTED.

Now is an excellent time for agents to make up clubs for the Weekly BLADE. The Nasby letters from Europe have commenced, and we offer the BLADE three months, and a very fine portrait of D. R. LOCKE (Nasby) for 50 cents. For clubs of five we give a very liberal discount, and any person can canvass for a few days and make a nice thing for themselves and neighbors. We want an agent at every Postoffice in the United States to work up a short time club before it will be too late to get the first of the Nasby letters. Write for special terms and specimen copies of the BLADE.

IT is more than probable that the Peoria infernal machine sensation is only a shrewd device of O'DONOVAN-ROSSA, and accomplices to make a showing for the contributions they have received.

ONE of the best things about Richmond is the excellent and cheap hack service. The single fare between any two points in the City is only a quarter.

THE crops in Great Britain promise to be better this year than they have been for the five past seasons.

ANDERSONVILLE.

The book "Andersonville" should be in the library of every loyal citizen of the United States. It is the only authentic record of the most horrible crime ever perpetrated against humanity ever printed, and is written in so graphic a style as to possess all the fascination of a work of fiction.

It has had the largest sale of any book published for years, but there is yet good territory that has not been worked. The book is a handsome volume of over 650 pages, profusely illustrated, and sells faster than any book on the market. It is sold only by subscription, and agents make better salaries than with any book ever sold in this way. Full particulars sent to any address free. Address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., or Boston, Mass.

ELECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Last Thursday was election day in North Carolina, and reports say that the Prohibitionists were defeated by 40,000 majority. The campaign has been a lively one, perhaps the hottest one for years in that State.

The bill which has caused such an excitement was a Democratic measure aimed, the negros thought, against them, and their rights. Consequently they arrayed themselves in a mass against the Prohibition party which included besides, the white Republicans and a large proportion of Democrats. Speaking has been going on vigorously all through every County wherever there was a chance of an audience. The points made were the unconstitutionality of the bill, and the utter impossibility of securing through it, the aim for which it was drawn. The result shows the strength of the feeling upon the subject.

The election was probably a fair one, although the machinery was in the hands of the Democrats, but the party was so divided that it was thought the sections would hold each other in check at the polls, and the result would be that the negros for the first time would have a fair chance to deposit their votes, and the victory of their party shows that it was so.

The division of the Democratic party and its defeat is looked upon by many Republicans as the forerunner of its breaking up, or at least a permanent weakening so that hereafter it will be easy to carry the Republican ticket in North Carolina. Radicals, however, regret the falling away of party lines, believing that the result will be detrimental to the Republican party. This remains to be seen as also whether the fight over the Prohibition question will still continue.

HARTMANN, THE NIHILIST.

It is said that HARTMANN, the Russian Nihilist, was overwhelmed with surprise at finding that he was in danger of arrest and return to Russia. While it is likely that the fears of his friends magnified the probability of this step, it is still probable that such a thing could happen. Claiming as he does that his complicity in the attempt upon the Czar was a political action he does not see how he could be extradited, but it is certain that his presence here has produced a different effect from what he expected. He did not dream that he would be any less safe in this country than in England and France where he had remained in security, even though the Russian Minister in Paris used every effort and was willing to pay any price to get hold of him.

As said before, it is not certain what course the United States Government would take in this matter. There is, without doubt, a great sympathy in this country for the Russian Revolutionists, for the wrongs heaped upon the people, wrongs which urgently demand righting. The horrors of the present, which come over the seas from apparently responsible sources, are sufficient to inspire sympathy in a nation which hates oppression of all kinds. But this nation is also slow to look upon deliberate assassination as a legitimate means of bringing about reforms, even where the necessity claims to be imperative. To what extent this feeling would influence the course in regard to HARTMANN, had Russia demanded him as a criminal is not certain.

He has fled, however, to Canada where he believes himself to be in safety. Any questions in regard to him, therefore, is placed beyond consideration, and pity for the woes of Russia need be the only sentiment with which this people look upon that unhappy country.

FROGS.

It is an undeniable fact that frogs are becoming, if they have not already become, a national dish, in which epicures delight. From the time in early Spring when their croak tells the story of a Winter gone, until late in the Fall when the cold freezes the music of their voices small boys, and more lately those of larger growth, give much time and attention to catching them for market.

The day was when the white, delicate looking morsels brought to the table in such fascinating style, could not tempt the appetite of the fastidious if they were sure that these self same morsels were once part and parcel of the green, slimy, sprawling creatures that peopled ponds and waters, and winked and blinked in the sunshine that searched them out in their homes. But that day is past. True it is, that even now in some places frogs are served up under other and more euphonious names, but in the West and South the most refined epicure calls for and eats his fried frog with a delighted relish.

The supplying of the market with this delicacy has now become quite an extensive business both in the United States and Canada. In the latter it is carried on extensively and is very profitable. Here it has not reached quite the same *status*, although it is fast improving, and there is now an establishment in Illinois whose owner has devoted himself to raising a particular kind of frog for the use of the Western people with whom it is a favorite. In the East, boys are employed to spear the frogs in the country ponds and rivers and they are bought by commission men, skinned, packed in ice and sold at a good profit. A project to put them up in cans will probably be carried out successfully.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

This is the latest, best and cheapest book of recipes now before the public. The book is the work of one of the most eminent economists of England, and it has been edited by practical Americans with especial reference to American wants. It contains everything that needs to be known in all the departments of domestic life. The book is well printed, and substantially bound, and sold only by subscription, at the very low price of $2. Thousands were sold in advance of publication. Those out of employment will do well to secure an agency for this rapid selling book. Everybody needs it, and everybody must have it. Our agents are each and all of them taking hundreds of orders for delivery after harvest. Now is the time to work up a list. Address for particulars, the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., or Boston, Mass.

THE business of life insurance has attained enormous proportions in this country. The annual income of only 59 companies aggregates $83,000,000; their assets foot up $442,000,000, and they annually disburse over $62,000,000. So many companies have gone into liquidation of late years, that it is suggested by the *Globe-Democrat* that it would be a good idea to provide some means by which the policy-holders can insure the lives of the companies.

HEAT PRODUCTIVE OF CRIME.

It is a curious thing that the greater part of the crime that is committed in a given time takes place during the heated months of July and August. If facts did not prove the contrary, it would seem that cold weather with its short days and long, dark nights, under the cover of which so much could be done with apparent impunity, would be the most prolific of evil, of suicides, murders and the like. There appears to be something in the hot air that saps self-control if it does not arouse the passions to more energetic action than the cold winds of Winter. It may be as an exchange suggests, due to the closer proximity into which people are brought, there being a much freer mingling together upon the streets and in their neighborhoods, of the poorer classes, more drinking and consequent quarreling.

The Chicago *Tribune* gives a table which shows that more than half of the murders committed in that City during the last seven years took place during the months of June, July, August and September, and that there were nearly twice as many in the warmer months of July and August as in the cooler ones of June and September. The uniformity of this exhibit would seem to indicate that the temperature had something to do with the matter.

What is true in Chicago is true also of other Cities. A careful observer of the daily reports from all over the country will readily discover that a few days of extreme heat will be accompanied with what actually seems an epidemic of crime wherever large masses of people congregate. As said before, it is difficult to assign any satisfactory cause, but no doubt much of it proceeds from the irritability which the discomfort of such a high temperature produces. The fact, however, that there is this tendency should be a reason for added watchfulness upon the part of the guardians of the peace, and a swift punishment of those who disturb it.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

The great trouble with all of the public charities in the United States in these days is that politics have so prominent a place in their management. The effect is as damaging there as in the public schools, since it is not efficiency which decides the matter of the employment or retention of a public officer, but party victory.

It is especially desirable in a charitable institution, that there shall be as few changes in the acting managers as possible. Familiarity with the needs of those to be benefited is extremely necessary, and it is only experience that can give that. It would therefore seem to be best for its successful operation that the tenure of office should be dependent upon a fair performance of its duties, and that no party patronage of personal favoritism shall be allowed to enter into the matter. The constant changes in such public institutions in the United States are a great hindrance to their good workings.

A paper read by a Mrs. LOWELL not long since, before the Boston Conference of Charities upon this subject, has attracted a good deal of attention, it being evidently the result of much careful study, and an examination into the condition of a number of the principal Charities of New York City. She showed very conclusively how political interference hindered the useful working of these institutions, and supported her assertions with facts and figures that could not be disputed. If the inquiry and interest which she has aroused should culminate finally in a reform, the recipients of public bounty would be greatly benefited.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

In the course of time every one of the 85,000 families who are now subscribers to the BLADE, will become possessed of a copy of the Revised New Testament. While most sensible people may never discard their old standard Bible to give place to the new, yet it is very desirable that every family have a copy of the revision to use as a commentary.

So many editions of this work have been announced for sale at various prices, that the purchaser is at a loss to know which edition is the best for the money. The many cheap editions in paper covers are unsatisfactory, as being printed in fine type, and trying to the eyes of both old and young. On the other hand the fine, high-priced editions do not meet with favor, as the masses are not yet disposed to invest a fancy price in a work they know nothing about. For the purpose of accommodating the readers of the BLADE we have made arrangements to furnish what is in our judgment the very best edition yet published, at the popular price of $1.00, post-paid by mail, as announced in our advertising columns on 5th page. This edition is a book of 500 pages, printed on good paper, with very plain long-primer type. It is an accurate re-print of the celebrated Oxford (England) edition, with all the marginal notes and the preface in full. The Addenda gives a list of readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee, recorded at their desire.

We are now prepared to fill orders by mail at $1.00 for thousands of this popular edition, and assure our readers it is just the thing for all. We also have the same bound in morocco at $1.50.

JOHN GAMGEE, of Washington, is at work upon an invention by which ice can be manufactured and supplied at a cheaper rate than natural ice can be obtained. He also expects to use his machine to ventilate houses and keep them cool. If he could have got his zero motor, as it is called, in working order before this Summer of 1881 is ended it would be a matter of thankfulness.

CROWE, who has managed to become notorious through his alleged connection with the manufacture of infernal machines, is said to be employed as a lamp lighter by the gas company in Peoria. He lives in a style far beyond what his salary would afford, which gives color to the idea that he has succeeded in gaining part control of what is called the "skirmishing" fund.

THE Labor Bureau at New York, even with the great influx of foreigners, finds it impossible to supply the demand for labor from all over the country.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

We have but a few copies left of that remarkable cheap book "The Struggles of Nasby," which we have been mailing post-paid for $1.25. It is a very fine illustrated subscription book of over 600 pages, and has never before been sold for less than $3. We have mailed thousands of them during the past three months, and we have but a few copies left.

Another book of equal value, but of another character, is "Bible Biography." We are also mailing this for $1.25. For description see advertisement on the fifth page of this paper.

On receipt of $2.50 we will for a time mail either of above books, the portrait of LOCKE, and the Weekly BLADE one year.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Mississippi Democrats held their Convention the greater part of last week. After 30 ballots for Governor, the leading candidates—except Stone—were dropped, and Gen. Lowry's name presented. The 31st ballot stood: Lowry, 126; Stone, 124. G. D. Sand was nominated for Lieutenant Governor; H. C. Meyers for Secretary of State; W. L. Hemingway for Treasurer; J. C. Cothing for Attorney-General; J. A. Smith for Superintendent of Education. The platform of 1877 was re-affirmed. It is given out Gen. Chalmers has announced himself as a candidate for Senator, in opposition to Lamar.——The Treasury officials think that the balance in the Treasury will be lower in October than at any time for some years past. At the beginning of August it was about $155,000,000. August 12 there are $15,000,000 in bonds due, and October 1 about $30,000,000 more. The receipts for August and September above current expenses are estimated at $30,000,000. If all the bonds due are presented for payment, the balance will therefore be reduced to about $110,000,000.——There is only one prominent journal in the South, the Charleston *News and Courier*, that advocates the policy, on the part of the Democrats, of contesting the admission of Lapham and Miller to the United States Senate, on the ground that their election was illegal.——A special from Pine Ridge Agency, Nebraska, says that Crow Dog, Captain of Police at Rosebud Agency, shot and instantly killed Spotted Tail Friday afternoon. There has been ill-feeling between them for some time. Crow Dog went to Niobrara to await further developments. Trouble is anticipated.——A dispatch from Carthage, Mo., Saturday, says: Taylor Underwood, leader of the notorious gang of desperados who murdered Deputy Sheriff McElrath, was arrested last night after a severe struggle. Three members of the gang were recently lynched in Dale County for connection with McElrath's murder.——It is stated Hartmann and his sympathizers believed they might make disclosures here with impunity and that the Government would take no cognizance of them. They lost their usual caution for the moment and only discovered their mistake when it was found that Hartmann had furnished complete evidence against himself—evidence on which the Government would surrender him.——The receipts of the Patent Office for fees amounted in July to $60,170, which is larger than the receipts for the same month in any year for the past decade, and $4,750 in excess of the receipts from the same source in July last year.——Schuyler Colfax says that the finest wheat fields he has seen in his travels East and West this Summer he found in Dakota, Northern Minnesota and Manitoba.——The local option law of Maryland has placed nearly half the

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

By the Sea—Political Affairs—The Situation in Virginia—Financial Facts and Fancies—Items.

Correspondence of the Blade.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 5, 1881.

A change of base from the hot interior to the side of the cool sea is a pleasant change at this season of the year. I find here the usual Summer crowd with large additions. Ocean Grove is within easy reach of two great Cities, and as soon as the sun begins to pour down his August flood of solar heat the railroads can hardly carry away the people fast enough, and the Jersey coast catches a large portion of the exodus. Long Branch, Deal, Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Ocean Beach, Spring Lake and Sea Girt lie along the ocean within speaking distance of each other, and for two or three months' swarm with the overflow of these great cities, to which Baltimore and Washington, Newark, Paterson and other towns contribute also their quota. The cool ocean is a wonderful attraction when the mercury is up among the nineties.

Political matters in New Jersey, as elsewhere, are very quiet. Parties seem to have exhausted all their energies in the late Presidential canvass and take the field for a new fight a little reluctantly. If the Republicans are apathetic and indifferent the Democrats are demoralized and without confidence. As yet there has not been agreed on a "battle cry," and in that regard, are much worse off than they were four years ago. Then Mr. Tilden, after his vain attempt to buy the Presidency, had put his political machinery in motion to sound an alarm in regard to "fraud." There were other side issues but the *fraud* by which he claimed to have been cheated out of the Presidency was never to be condoned and every effort was brought to bear on that point to make it the great issue between the two parties. But as it turned out to be an utter failure it has been dropped with the whole family of minor issues and the great party of "principle" appears to have nothing left with which to cover its fight for spoils—not even the Tilden "fraud" or the Garfield "forgery."

Before I left Washington the notes of preparation for the coming contest in Virginia began to be heard but the battle was not fully "set" or the issues defined. The Readjusters got into the field first and have made so much of their advanced position that the Bourbon leaders were constrained to enter the contest before their candidates were nominated. To-day they hold their State Convention and you will get their nominations before this reaches you. The chances seem to be in favor of ex-Congressman Goode, of the Norfolk District, but there is a host of candidates among them Mr. Tucker, the able advocate of the most extreme doctrines of State's Rights and Free Trade. Reports from Richmond indicate that the convention will be rather moderate on these subjects, but in regard to the State debt will plant itself on the position of full payment. This is a strange position and strongly illustrates the hollowness of all Democratic platforms. The Democrats have long had full possession of the State Government and it was in their power to have settled this question years ago. But they neither provided for the debt or for the payment of the interest.

They remind me of the financial policy of a Government clerk that I was acquainted with, some years ago, in Washington. He was a sharp, unprincipled operator, and as full of expedients as the Bourbon leaders in Virginia. He borrowed $50 of a friend of mine to enable him to get rid of an uncomfortable obligation for which he was paying an exorbitant interest. Not long after contracting this debt he had the misfortune to lose his place in the Treasury and, of course, the payment of his debt was deferred. Some months elapsed when he made a change and accepted a position in New York. Years passed away, but the debt remained unpaid and not long ago my friend on passing through New York, made a call on his debtor and asked for a settlement. But in order to make it easy for the delinquent debtor he offered to accept half of the amount in full payment for the whole. But the debtor, with many thanks, declined. "Oh no!" said he, "you must have the whole of that money with interest. I should never be satisfied to pay a part of it. You must have the whole. Don't ask me to compromise a debt of honor like that. You must pay it in full." But as he made no effort to pay, either a part or the whole, and the debt is still unsettled. That is just about the position of the Virginia Bourbons.

I find, in conversation with some intelligent gentlemen whom I have met at Ocean Grove, that a good deal of concern is felt on account of the rapid expansion of business and the amazing development of all sorts of railroad schemes and mining enterprises. It is stated in the *Tribune* to-day that about 2,000 miles of railroad have been built in Texas within a very short period; and this is only a sample of what is taking place all over the country. Some of the London journals have called attention to our fast ways, and predicted another financial crash at no early period. The New York *Independent*, too, has taken the matter into serious consideration, and sounds an alarm in a thoughtful leader full of impressive facts. The grounds for alarm are not that it is charged as a reckless rush into doubtful enterprises, but a rapid expansion of our circulating medium. At the resumption of specie payments all the gold and silver that had been hoarded to secure that object was added to the circulation while the expansion of business increased the demand for banks and these again rolled up a further volume of issues. The increase of bank notes for the month of July was nearly 2½ millions, and the increase of silver certificates, nearly 1½ millions, making together $4,182,000. So much money does not find ready employment in legitimate business and hence all sorts of speculations are stimulated. Hence it is believed by many that a single short crop would blow up our whole financial fabric. On the other hand it is maintained that the crops for the current year will be large, with the single exception of wheat, that our industries are all profitably employed, that business is generally carried on with great prudence, and that the apprehended danger is altogether visionary. As between these different views we may say that the great increase of our money is an evil which cannot fail to bring disaster sooner or later, if it is suffered to continue. But as long as we have full crops and our exports are sufficient to prevent a large shipment of gold the danger is small.

I notice in the Washington papers that the electric light is coming into use in our Government buildings. An order was issued this week to light the Postoffice in Baltimore with electricity, and other public buildings are to be favored in the same way.

Before I left Washington I was informed that a bill would be passed early in the coming session for lighting the capitol with electricity. This is not to apply simply to the interior but is to do duty on the dome so as to light the grounds and the adjacent portions of the City. It is believed that the grounds can be made light enough for playing ball or croquet.

Commissioner Raum, of the Internal Revenue, has just finished another year of splendid official work, and has gone to his Summer recreation with a clear conscience. During the last five years he has collected over 600 millions of dollars, and disbursed over 21 millions, without the loss of a dollar to the Government.

Secretary Windom has stepped into the relief of the Senate. That body tried very hard to elect a Secretary in the place of Mr. Burch, but the deal-lock prevented, and now that Mr. Burch is relieved of his place by death, there is no one to disburse the Senate funds and pay the members, clerks and officers. This is a novel case; but Mr. Windom, after taking counsel of the Comptroller, has ordered the duties to be performed by Treasurer Gilfillan.

The remains of Mrs. Howe, the deceased wife of ex-Senator Howe, have been taken from Washington to Green Bay, Wis., for burial. BUCKEYE.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Germany's Social Condition—Trier on the Mosel and Its Antiquities.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

TRIER, Germania, July 18, 1881.

The social condition of modern Germany contains within it many elements peculiar to the slave States of the Union during the first half of the present century. The observing American, who, after having enjoyed a passing glimpse of her art, commercial, educational and literary centers, and who then resides among her people quietly taking notes of real life instead of viewing it through the rose colored optics of her romancers and dreamers, finds Germany very different from what fancy painted her. Society seems based upon an aristocracy which ever makes war upon Democracy and equal rights. The aristocracy of birth; that of the officials whose tenure of office is for life, the moneyocracy, the gentry, the military officials, the clergy of the Evangelical Church, public school teachers, and many other classes of which society is composed, constitute an aristocracy, which rests upon the perpetual subjection of the masses, who are by mental and physical forces compelled to bear the burdens of taxation on which government exists, and by their labor to contribute the largest share towards its maintenance.

Though there is absolutely no illiteracy in Germany, education being compulsory, so little is taught the masses that the public school system is almost a farce in comparison to ours. There are no *free* schools in Germany except for paupers who can't pay. Parents pay tuitions to the Commune, or Government, and teachers receive salaries from the Government, like other public officials, and are pensioned when they desire it. All instruction beyond the merest rudimentary education is again paid for separately, as higher arithmetic, geography, languages, elegant penmanship, etc., etc., so that parents pay the regular public school tuition fee and aside therefrom expend fortunes in private instruction. In female schools fully one third of the time is given to study of the Lutheran or Catholic catechism and needle work, while the latter are not taught to be tailors, or shoemakers, and are suffered to skim over "religious instruction," as it is called. The peasant children in the country villages, are compelled to work in the fields from 5 A. M. to 7 o'clock, which is the school hour, and in some of the country schools, the catechism is taught them the first hour in the morning, before memories are wearied by secular studies. The memories of pupils to their 16th year are overtaxed, and their reasoning powers crushed. After that age, boys who pursue literary careers enter "gymnasiums" or higher schools, and girls, boarding school's, where the study of religion, needle work, languages and music are continued.

Although there is so very much supervision, neither school, church or official work of any kind, as far as I have been able to study it, is as well done as in Ohio. All officers receive appointments for life, and one helps the other to shirk work. No appointment is ever revoked unless criminal offense is proven against the office holder; and where there is no free press, it's a mighty difficult matter to prove anything, and the accuser usually gets punished. The number of persons drawing pensions is stupendous, and the taxation requires to pay the Emperor $8,000,000 annually, to support all the Princes, the office holding classes, the great standing army, the State, the Church, etc., etc., beggars all discription. Out of a population of 47,000,000, the hundreds of thousands who this year emigrated are scarcely missed.

The best of Germany's soil yields a poor return to the cultivator, and her prospects are anything but brigat for the future. It seems impossible that she can endure the tremendous strain under which she is now groaning for a century longer, notwithstanding the social system that trains her people to absolute sujection. That very subjection is creating for her a pauper element in every rank from the imperial household to the peasant's hut. Her brightest people are emigrating. Her strongest producers flit away the nation's strength in the army, and rickly, abused, shockingly overworked women toil in the harvest fields and populate the country with an inferior race.

But if one can shut one's eyes to these sad pictures, and forget that only by the accidents of birth and circumstances one has been lifted above the suffering condition of these oppressed ones, Germany is a delightful country to visit. The social, genial nature of her people has many charms for the strangers from over the great seas, and her social life some excellent features worthy of imitation by people from newer, and in many respects, better civilizations. The manners of the old aristocracy, and the gentry, are courteous and elegant, and many of the members of old families are as celebrated for their probity, virtue and honor, as for their ancient lineage. Reared for generations to believe that Heaven has chosen them as the governing class, it is simply impossible for them to comprehend that all humanity ought to have equal right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

No where is the geniality of the Germanic races more active than in the Rhine land. Views of life are more broad here than in the cold mountain regions of the North, and the living is more like home to the wanderer from the Great Republic. The Moselle Valley, which is classed with the Rhine provinces, is a quaint, picturesque country, with the strangest, oldest, little towns and villages, nestled under, or clambering over vine clad hills, imaginable. Among its most interesting localities is the City of

TRIER,

on the Mosel river, which abounds with relics of the early Roman Empire. So perfect were the highways between the country and Rome that the Emperors of the Eternal City made Trier their summer resort, annually going thither in carriages. The Romerther, a triumphal arch, through which the Cesars rode, is in an excellent state of preservation, and the amphitheater in which they witnessed gladiatorial combats, and some old churches which were temples of Jupiter recite the story of Roman sway and civilization. Aside from its Roman antiquities, Trier will endear itself on the American's memory as a Town of pleasant, cleanly hotels, without the abominable feather beds, peculiar to North Germany. Her streets are narrow and quaint, with now and then a public square or market place, and like many of the Towns in continental Europe are laid out with great irregularity, every house apparently having been built to suit its owner's taste, without the least regard how it interfered with the view of his neighbor, or how it disfigured the street. The sunny sides of the hills about Trier, are covered to their summits with vineyards and the wine is celebrated for its fine flavor, although it is whispered that Mosel and Rhine wines are not as pure as they formerly were, and that adulterations of sugar, etc., etc., are not uncommon. A little distance below Trier, Igelburg, the walls of an antique Roman castle, are well worthy a visit, even tough one is forced to pass through very ugly, narrow, dirty streets whose sharp stone pavements cut the feet. The beauties of nature, and the interest the traveler derives from European travel, is everywhere marred by corresponding ugliness, and one is content to leave these old civilizations their ruins, vine-clad hills, and feudal palaces and castles, and to return joyfully to the broad streets, rich fields, primeval forests, and the greater freedom of newer lands. There has been unusually warm weather recently in the Rhine provinces, and crops are suffering somewhat from drought although grapes promise an excellent harvest.

ROSA L. SEGUR.

Opinions of a Prisoner of War.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

I am highly delighted to hear, through your columns that our noted veteran Col. Dudley, designs to have a wash day in the Pension Office, and rid it of the filth that chokes the running gear of that institution. In the past five years that institution has been a bone to the hero, and a source of income to the hospital suckers. The question is not asked, how many wounds have you received, and yet performed your part as a soldier? But it is asked, how many hospitals did you lie in, and how often did you get the rheumatism on the eve of battle? If you could prove a good hospital record and that you always got sick when you saw the Johnnies, you would have got your pension five years ago. Now the bulk of our pensioners of to-dayare of the class who could play sickness, and make the hospitals resound with their childlike complaints. But the gritty hero who could stand, and face the music, and bandage his wounds with his shirt sleeves, and receive his treatment at sick call, is left in the shade. O, veteran comrade, don't you wish you had been a hospital sucker? Then your claim would have been called under Bentley.

I do not censure one soldier who had to lie in a hospital on account of debility, but those who through laziness and cowardice shirked their duty as soldiers, and now have the audacity to ask he United States to reward them for their inlolence. Such an individual deserves the contempt of honorable men, and is entitled to very little respect.

Well, if hospitals are honorable, I can say I have the honor of being an occupant of one for six weeks, and I owe the Rebels that honor for tumbling me into an ambulance and hauling me there, and putting a guard over me while I was treated. So I feel grateful to the Rebel Colonel for being the cause of the little honor I received in the United States service. If he had only let it stop there, a piece of running me on to Andersonville, and ruining my credit as an American soldier by letting me lie in that filthy pen until my system was impregnated with disease, and thus sending me back here to beg or starve unless I have brains enough to make my living. And, of course, I must thank the United States that I had my brains left, and therewith be content, without bothering them for a pension. Well we will soon see what our veteran Colonel will do.

WM. M. METCALF,
Co. D, 16th Ill. Cav.

Gilson City, Ill.

Deaths in Cincinnati for July.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 6.—The official report of deaths in the City for July show the total number of deaths 924; of these 456 were from excessive heat.

See advertisement in another column of the Southwestern Immigration Co. The Southwestern States are attracting the attention of immigrants in all parts of the United States and Europe.

WASHINGTON.

The President All Right Again—Another Surgical Operation.

The Supreme Bench Vacancy—Sen. Edmunds Not a Candidate.

A Dark Horse from Indiana Being Groomed for the Speakership.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—Pres Garfield had a relapse Saturday, and much alarm prevailed. Monday morning, however, the physicians opened the wound so as to afford an escape for the pus, and he instantly began to mend. To show that he is not incapacitated, as many claim, he wrote his name in a clear legible hand, to-day. All his physicians feel confident now of his ultimate recovery.

GUITEAU

proposes to make his own defense, with competent legal assistance. He says he wants none of the riff raff of the bar, and has more than once suggested that Emery Storrs shall be his lawyer. Guiteau wants his temporary release not only that he may escape impending insanity, but that he may take a trip to Europe, where he wishes to remain a month or two. He is evidently still under the impression that his labors and sufferings demand some reward, and that the suggestion that he ought to have a little recreation (that is the word used by him) would receive favorable consideration from the Court. While in Europe, he says, he will devote himself to the preparation of a lecture on a political subject, which he proposes to deliver on his return to this country. He tells the Court that he will "undoubtedly draw well" as a lecturer, and states that he has been so advised by others. Guiteau has been convinced, however, that he had better not be released on bail. Since drawing his petition he has begun to realize that it would not be safe for him to make his appearance on the streets. He dreads the violence of the mob just as keenly as he did on the day when he shot the President, and he has therefore asked District Attorney Corkhill to keep the petition and not present it to the court.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—The fact that Guiteau has placed in the hands of the District Attorney a petition requesting to be released on bail is not considered of much importance in legal circles. When applied to for a copy of the document, to-day, District Attorney Corkhill said: "It is not yet a proper time to make it public, besides there is nothing new in it. It will be filed with the court eventually; then if any one desires to publish it there will be no objection." All request at the jail to see the prisoner are still refused, and guards are to be maintained, which would indicate the authorities apprehend there is still danger of an attempt being made to capture the prisoner. Intimations have been made that there are organizations in this city, Baltimore and Philadelphia, whose members are ready to take the law into their hands if they only could get hold of Guiteau.

INJUSTICE TO POSTMASTERS.

It seems that the 43 postmasters at Presidential offices, reported by the Department as having failed to render quarterly returns within the specified time, had all, or nearly all, complied with the regulations, only they had omitted to paste a green label on the envelopes. Hence the injustice done postmasters.

INTERNAL REVENUE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—During the past fiscal year $135,239,902 was collected and paid into the Treasury from internal revenue; sum collected for the past five fiscal years $602,310,787. The entire amount without any loss by defalcation has been paid into the Treasury. The expenses of the internal revenue service for the past fiscal year will be shown upon the final adjustment of accounts not to exceed $5,063,330; entire expense of the past five years $21,992 339, being 3 37 per cent upon the amount collected, and in the disbursemeat of this money there has been no loss to the Government.

THE SENATE.

In the Senate the equal division of the parties promises to lead to complications at the commencement of the regular session, for now, in the happily improved condition of the President, no one dreams of the assembling of Congress before December next. When the Senate meets there will be no Secretary, and the two New York seats will be vacant. The credentials of Sens. Lapham and Miller will be immediately presented, but it is believed that the Democrats will insist that the Secretary must be elected before the credentials can be received. It is also surmised that there will be an opposition to the reception of the New York credentials, on the ground of alleged bribery and corruption in the Senatorial contest at Albany and other grounds, which will be set forth in a memorial to the Senate from the citizens of the State. There are, therefore, plenty of prospects of a lively time here at the opening of the Congressional session.

THE NEW YORK SENATORS.

WASHINGTON, August 4.—Inquiry of Democratic leaders and managers here about whether any protest or contest will be made against admitting Miller & Lapham to their seats before organizing, shows that if any such action is contemplated by New York Democrats, party leaders here have not been informed of it. A very prominent Democrat, who is associated with the National management of his party, said he did not believe there would be any objection to seating Miller and Lapham promptly; that no charges of anything wrong had been made in connection with that election, and the basis for any sort of objection would be in the fact that in one day's balloting less than a majority of the State Senate was present in the joint Assembly. He did not think a contest could be made on this point; besides, he said, if the Democrats inaugurated that kind of warfare in the Senate, the Republicans could and no doubt would retaliate in the House, where so many Democratic seats are contested.

A prominent Southern Democratic Senator says he will not sustain any objection to seating Miller and Lapham, if any is made; that the constitutional provision that the State shall not be deprived of her representation in the Senate will forbid him doing anything else than vote for the prompt seating of both New York Senators.

CHALMERS VS. LAMAR.

It is confirmed here that Gen. Chalmers has announced himself as a Greenback candidate for the United States Senate in Mississippi in opposition to Lamar. This causes some indignation among Democrats here, some of whom say it is a move of Chalmers to get the votes of Greenbackers in the House of Representatives to keep him in his seat, which is contested by Lynch.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

Lieut. John L. Clem, of the 26th United States Infantry, better known as the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," and who served in the 22d Michigan Regiment when the latter was commanded by Col. Lefever, is an applicant for promotion to Captain and Assistant Quartermaster. He has strong recommendations for this promotion.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—A department official, who is in a position to know, said that although the fact had been kept from the knowledge of the public, and it had not been considered discreet to provoke discussion on this point, there was a great deal of the routine business of the Government that had been effectually blocked by reason of the President's illness. The matter, however, that will soon call public attention to the necessity for some expedient during the Presidential convalescence is believed to be the pardoning power. There are some 60 United States District Courts running all the time with the liability of unjust convictions, and the only relief can come from the Executive. There are, in fact, now some men at Fort Smith, Ark., under death sentence, and application has been made for their reprieve. It is thought that it should be granted after investigation, and the question arises how it is to be done. There is but a month left in which to act upon the matter. There is a case in point in one of the States east of the Alleghenys, where it has been found that a man was unjustly convicted and sent to the penitentiary. The only way to rectify the blunder, as far as possible, is through the executive pardon. It has been promised and recommended by the proper authorities, but the President cannot be troubled with business, and in the meantime the man is wearing the garb of a convict until the pardon can be signed. His name and that of the State are suppressed out of regard for his reputation that would suffer further injustice through useless publicity.

It is urged by certain officials that if the Vice-President were clothed with the proper authority the Executive business could be adjusted in a short time. The objection raised, however, is that it is not clear upon whom would devolve the duty of saying that the constitutional "inability" exists, that would make it obligatory upon Gen. Arthur to act. It is also urged by the objectors that while the constitution may provide for the assumption of the Presidential duties by the Vice President, there is no provision for relieving him again from the actual position of President after he has once taken it. It bids fair to be a puzzling question unless relieved by the President's speedy recovery.

JUSTICE CLIFFORD'S SUCCESSOR.

Considerable discussion has arisen here respecting Judge Clifford's successor, whose appointment will be one of the President's first duties upon convalescence. The Supreme Court, at its best, now is seriously crippled. There is sufficient work to employ nine Justices, and there are now practically but seven, as Justice Hunt, who is holding on a year or two longer to secure his pension, is a paralytic and cannot think upon one subject for two minutes consecutively. There is no great cordiality between Sen. Edmunds and the Secretary of State, and the latter would be much pleased to see the former on the bench, and practically retired from New England politics. Mr. Edmunds, however, has several reasons for not desiring to go upon the bench. He is, without question, the leader of the Senate, active in politics, and possesses a law practice that pays him five times what his salary as Justice would amount to. Besides that he has now before the Supreme Court some of the most important cases whose titles grace its docket.

Another New England candidate for the position is Chief Justice Gray, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and a man whose hands are perfectly clean. He is no partisan, and his political sympathies would in no way bias his action.

Ex-Atty. Gen Devens is also a candidate for the Supreme Bench, but it is thought that if he saw a chance of succeeding to Justice Gray's position in case the latter were appointed to the Supreme Bench he would cheerfully withdraw his claim.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

There being a lull in other matters just now, attention is again attracted to the Speakership contest. Representative Kasson is looming up more prominently than he did, and the triangular fight between himself and Messrs. Keifer and Hiscock, the other leading candidates, promises to be spirited. Dark horses are being talked of, and among the compromise candidates Representative Calkins, of Indiana, is mentioned. Though one of the youngest men in Congress he has already served two terms, and has had considerable legislative experience.

CHALMERS' SCHEME

Congressman Chalmers, of Mississippi, is attempting a sharp trick by which he hopes to be benefitted. He now announces that he would like to succeed Mr. Lamar as Senator, as candidate of the Greenback wing of the Democratic party, and therefore urges his friends to work for the election of Greenbackers to the Legislature. Explanation imparts a much different aspect to the matter. Chalmers was beaten squarely in the last election for Congress by Lynch, Republican candidate, but by methods such as would find favor in the eyes of Boss Tweed, enough votes were thrown out to leave a majority for Chalmers. In the contest to be made over the seat, Chalmers desires to have the aid of Greenback Congressmen, and his present move is part of a policy adopted to effect their capture.

LE DUC'S TEA FARM.

Some 10 days ago Mr. Loring, Commissioner of Agriculture, sent Mr. Murphy, who was our Consul General to Shanghai during the Pierce administration, to visit the United States Government tea farm in South Carolina and to arrange for the preservation of the property and stop the $1 000 monthly expenses of the concern. Mr. Murphy returned to day and says that he stopped the large expenditure and left the farm in charge of a competent person at a cost of $100 per month. No further work is to be done on the farm except such as may be necessary to protect the tea plants, numbering about half a million. Mr. Murphy, who is familiar with the cultivation of tea in China, says that the plants on the Government farm are quite thrifty, that the experiment under Le Duc, the late Commissioner of Agriculture, has demonstrated the fact that tea of excellent quality can be grown anywhere in the United States south of the frost line for about 25 cents per pound, and that Commissioner Loring does not approve nor propose to follow the Le Duc plan, which embraced the idea of placing the Government in the tea trade, and thus competing with private enterprise. Therefore the tea farm will eventually be abandoned, and meantime any enterprising citizen in the Southern States who has land of suitable quality of soil and situated below the frost line can, upon application to the Commissioner, have, free of cost, 2,500 tea plants delivered to him.

THE RUSSIAN WHEAT CROP.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—Minister Foster writes to the Department of State that the Russian wheat crop is likely to be one of the largest ever raised in the Empire, and that the export promises to be much greater than usual. It is stated that in districts tributary to the Port of Odessa the yield is likely to be so large that farmers think they could dispense with harvests for four years to come. Advices from Taganrog and Caucasus show promises of a crop equal to that of 1874, one of the largest ever known in Russia; and advices from Moscow affirm that it is thought the harvest in Southern Russia will be the largest they have had for 20 years.

The harvest in Central Russia, while not so enormous, will yield a splendid crop of excellent quality. In the Southern provinces grain is already cut; further North it is still subject to damage incident to bad weather and insects. From Moscow, which is the great commercial center of Russia, it is reported that all branches of business are beginning to revive and flourish, after a long season of depression, solely on account of the prospects of an abundant harvest. It will not be without practical political influence, also, for much of the discontent in the interior has resulted from hard times and short crops.

CAPITAL NOTES.

Advices from Havana report sailing vessels on long voyages, and now in port, were becoming infected with yellow fever, and United States quarantine officers, it is stated, could not be too careful in examining vessels from Havana.

The Postoffice Department reaffirms the charge that Canadian anti-lotteries have been freely using United States mail bags and pouches in their local service, and deny that Canadian sacks and pouches are used in the same way in the United States.

The French Government having invited our Government to send some officers to witness Autumn manuvers the Secretary of War designated Maj.-Gen. John M. Schofield, Lieut. Col. Robert S. Lamotte and Capt. James Chester.

Second Assistant Postmaster General Elmer reports a net reduction in the Star route and steamboat mail service during July amounting to $314,664, and that the total amount of savings by the reduction and discontinuances since March 4th is $1,381,442.

It is understood that Attorney General MacVeagh has prepared an opinion at the request of Sec. Lincoln which defines the relations of the Signal Corps to the Army, and maintains the strict legality of promotions of Sergeants of the Signal Corps to Lieutenancies in the Army. This opinion runs directly counter to views and wishes expressed by Gen. Sherman whenever such promotions have been proposed.

It is reported that instructions have been received from the Chinese Government modifying the original order for the return of the Chinese students in this country. It is believed that at any rate this order will ultimately be reconsidered. There is a suspicion that the refusal of our Government to permit the Chinese youth to enter our military schools in large numbers had something to do with the recent action of the home Government. Then it is true that the boys showed an insubordinate disposition, which rather alarmed the special Commissioner.

THE DYNAMITE CROWD.

A Mysterious Conclave of 100 in Session at Chicago.

They Say They Mean Business, and Want No Priestly Interference.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—It has just been discovered that ever since Monday a mysterious conclave of prominent Irishmen, numbering 100, has been in session at a hotel in this city. Their deliberations have been held under lock and key, and in a room padded as to the floor with saw-dust and otherwise secluded. There are present John Warren, of Lowell, Mass., a strong friend of Ben Butler; Thos. C. Quinn, Peoria, a co-laborer of Crowe; Geo. J. West, of Providence, the lawyer and Secretary of one of the branches of the Land League; Rev. Father Geo. C. Beals, St. Louis; Geo. C. Cunningham, of New Haven, and many other well known agitators.

Nobody has been let into their secrets, and their meetings have excluded all reporters. It has, however, leaked out that these men are the "dynamite crowd;" that their deliberations are not as to whether dynamite shall be used against England, but as to the most feasible way of using it. The plans were elaborated, it is said, by which dynamite was to be furnished and used on vessels and in Cities. They considered the question of how to get better manufactories of infernal machines in the United States and France. Their financial condition was reported as being sound; the treasury contains nearly $100,000 for a skirmishing fund, and committees have been appointed to provide for the future and levy a tax to raise more.

A delegation of City priests waited on the members of this conclave, and begged them, with solemn adjurations and impressive arguments, to desist from their plots and adjourn at once. They refused to listen to such arguments and advice, saying they came there for business, and were determined to accomplish their purpose. The meeting will probably terminate to-day.

The above is from the Times' report. The Tribune's information has the following particulars and contradictions: The meeting is composed mainly of representatives of the Clan-Nagael Society and the Emmet Monument Association, founded on Emmett's declaration that his epitaph should not be written till his country was free. Measures were taken to "dissassert the Irish name and nation from the insane ravings of O'Donovan Rossa, and to unite the governing body of the various organization into one, with headquarters outside of New York or Philadelphia. It was decided to use greater exertions to equip the Irish Revolutionists with war material and to settle the bickerings about the skirmishing fund. In the latter connection this meeting is merely preliminary to one to be held in New York by the Clan Nagaels the 16th inst. The Association disavows any sympathy with the British Government and does not believe in dynamite except as applied to the destruction of the actual army of occupation. They believe that anything is justifiable by which the English power may be drawn from Ireland.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The Convention of Irishmen was somewhat delayed to-day by a reason which is variously given. One account says there was a disturbance as to the custody of the $100,000 skirmishing fund. Another report, and one well authenticated, is that the Convention will not adjourn before Wednesday, owing to charges made by the well-known J. Curran Keegan, a reporter, formerly on the Providence Telegram, that George W. West, a member of the Convention, and reported to be its Secretary, who has taken a prominent share in its deliberations, is a paid spy of the British Government. Keegan has alleged that he knew West in Ireland and that he was a detective connected with the Irish constabulary, and was once discharged from this position; that West's father and mother were disreputable citizens, and that West has been here some time in connection with the work of ferreting out the slayer of Lord Leibrim.

Keegan's statements are denied and branded as unreliable by most if not all of the delegates.

A reporter interviewed West, who is a fine looking and plain speaking man. He gave a straightforward denial to Keegan's story. He said he was born in America and had never been out of it. Rhode Island is his native State. He was baptized in the Providence Cathedral and has been a constant and active partizan of the Irish cause from boyhood. His fidelity to Ireland was never before questioned. He says Keegan's motive for this attack is to gain notoriety.

It was decided by some of the prominent members that extra precautions would be taken to morrow as to the character of those admitted into the Convention, and that everybody should show his credentials and lay bare his history in the Irish cause. Some members favor looking towards a cessation of active attacks against England and favor going down among the people and using the skirmishing fund to create the United States of Great Britain and Ireland to come into that union on equal terms. Some wild schemes are broached like the "Parliament of Man," a union of the world and the annexation of Canada and the United States.

Some exremely doubtful assertions are made as to the position of some prominent men in this country toward the latter scheme. The Wolf Tone Circle, the only Fenian Brotherhood in the West, and one outspoken for war with England, sent delegates, who will apply for admission. Mike O'Brien, of Chicago, is at its head.

The Inter-Ocean has received news that P. W. Crowe started from Peoria to Chicago this morning, but no trace can be found of him here.

The Peril of Refusing to Drink.

PETERSBURG, Va., Aug. 6.—This afternoon John W. Green and a man named Wm. Lee, who arrived here to-day from Littleton, N. C., met in a bar-room, where Green refused to drink with Lee. The refusal led to insulting words. They met later and Lee cut Green's throat in three different places, while Green shot Lee. Both men died within a few minutes.

CUNNING COUNTERFEITER

An Ingenious New Tack to Obtain Spurious Coin.

How Mr. Hicks, Alias Miller, Came to Grief.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 3.—Saturday's Commercial chronicled the arrest of John Hicks, alias C. N. Miller, charged with trying to sell a horse and buggy that he had hired at a Covington livery stable. On his person was found counterfeit bills, but he explained the presence of the crooked stuff in his pockets by stating that he had taught people how to detect counterfeit money and had to carry some about with him to sin him in the business. It occurred to detective Rathbone, the omnipresent representative of the Government Secret Service Department, that there was something more in the matter, judging from surface indications. He made the acquaintance of Miller, and interviewed him. The latter did not known to whom he was talking, and when asked how he detected counterfeits, replied that he didn't give that away unless he was paid for it. Ingenious questioning developed the fact that he knew little or nothing of counterfeit money; and the officer had little difficulty in getting at the bottom of the fellow's crooked proceedings; which, by the way, are new to the criminal world, and doubtless have been very profitable. His *modus operandi* was as follows: He had in his possession a forged certificate, stating that he was an authorized "expert of the Treasury Department," for the detection of counterfeit money. There is no such position; but armed with this bogus document he would enter a store, and ask the proprietor if he had been unfortunate enough to take in any counterfeit bills. Receiving an affirmative reply, he would inquire the kind of bills, and if bank-notes, by what bank they were issued. The proprietor of the store would, in all probability, say he did not remember, and then the bogus expert would politely require the privilege of looking at them. This being granted, he would look at the bills, express great gratification, and say that they were very rare specimens, and as he was making a collection for the Government that would be incomplete without them, he would allow the man something for them, at the rate of say 50 cents on a five dollar bill. By this means he obtained a great deal of counterfeit money at a very small outlay; and most of it having passed through many hands, was older and more easily "shoved" than new counterfeits. It is a decidedly ingenious trick and must have paid the young man a handsome sum before he was taken in. Mr. Rathbone swore out a warrant for his arrest which was served by a Deputy Marshal. It only charges him with having counterfeit money in his possession, as no case has yet been made against him where he has passed the money. As soon as the State Courts are through with him for the little adventure with the horse and buggy he will have an opportunity to answer to the National Government for his original scheme of getting rich in a hurry.

A SHIP CANAL

Across the Peninsula of Maryland and Delaware—A Saving of 225 Miles.

The Work to be Completed in 18 Months—To Cost $8,000,000.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 4.—The long contemplated scheme of shortening the distance from the Port of Baltimore to the Atlantic Ocean by the construction of a canal across the peninsula of Maryland and Delaware is now practically assured. The great work will be built with the least possible delay, and mainly by the aid of foreign capital. The route selected, several having been surveyed by the Government with a view of obtaining Congressional aid, is known as the Sassafras route, extending from the Chesapeake Bay along the Sassafras River to a point of divergence, where it turns almost due east to the head waters of Blackbird Creek, and thence along that stream to the Delaware River. The land cut from tide to tide is only eight miles, and the estimated cost of the entire work is $8,000,000.

To-day Mr. Ladenburg, of Ladenburg Thillman & Co., bankers, of New York, representing European capitalists and backers of the scheme, Lewis Sanders, of New York, attorney for the capitalists in Paris and Berlin, arrived here, and with H. B. Tebbetts, President of the Maryland and Delaware Shipping Canal Company, discussed the matter informally with our leading merchants, and found the sentiment strongly in favor of the early completion of the work, and such assurances were given of support for the new highway to the ocean by tonnage, etc., that the gentlemen interested expressed their entire satisfaction, and announced that the work would be proceeded with at once.

The canal will be built under the charter of the Maryland & Delaware Ship Canal Company, which provides that the rate of tolls shall not exceed 20 cents per ton. The Company will issue $4,000,000 worth of bonds, all of which has been subscribed for abroad, and $4,000,000 of stock, all bearing six per cent. interest. Two millions of the stock has been taken by Paris bankers, and the remaining $2,000,000 will be held by New York capitalists and the Company, and disposed of as necessity requires.

The canal will be 120 feet wide, with a uniform depth of 26 feet, and it is estimated that the work will be completed in about 18 months. The great advantages to the port of Baltimore and the West by the construction of this intercoeanic highway will be fully appreciated when it is known that it will shorten the distance to the ocean and consequently to all foreign ports about 225 miles. Among foreign capitalists the enterprise is regarded with great favor as a profitable venture, and one that will yield a good return for the outlay. Of course, in the West the news of the success of the long-talked of scheme will be hailed with the liveliest satisfaction by merchants and business men generally.

A Poor Girl's Brave Heroism.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—A week ago Pegnannock Bridge, on the New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad was destroyed by fire. The fire was discovered by Lizzie McLaine, 16 years old, who ran a long distance to the nearest telegraph office to give warning, and thus prevented an accident, as it was nearly time for a passenger train to come along. In consequence of her exertion and the nervous strain the girl was prostrated for several days, and she has not yet recovered. She is poor and destitute.

Not an Unusual Event for New Orleans.

In the grand monthly drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, on July 12th, $30,000, the first capital prize, was won by ticket No. 78,112, half held by Jesse E. Webb, a well known jeweler on Gay street, West Chester, Pa., the other half by P. S. Kearney, a journeyman with Warner & Searles, Washington street, Vicksburg, Miss. $10,000, the second prize, by No. 22 647, held by John Benz, No. 7 Hope street, Utica, N. Y., collected through Grannis & Co's Bank there. $5,000, the third prize, by No. 23,547, half held by James O'Gorman, liquor dealer, No. 36 N. Delaware avenue, Philadelphia, the other by J. R. Hendrickson, New York City. $2,500, the fourth, by Nos. 97,455 and 48,469, held by S. Stein, and S. S. Pond, a well known music dealer, Union Square, M. A. Bowen, care of Richard Morris, No. 160 Front street, New York City, etc. These are among many thousand fortunate ones. The next drawing will be September 13th, and M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., should be written to at once by any inquirer on that subject who wants to venture $1 or $3 on the matter.

TRICKS ON TEMPERANCE,

Perpetrated by the Makers of Patent Meditines and Peculiar Decoctions.

Sugared Whisky Dealt Out to the Unwary as Remedies for Diseases.

Special to the Chicago Inter Ocean.

WASHINGTON, Aug 2—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue is having difficulty with Western manufacturers of patent medicines, who attempt to evade the law in various States where the Prohibition law is in force. Collector J. E. Simpson, of Dubuque, Iowa, wrote lately to the department, complaining of the fraudulent character of the preparations made by Strickland & Co., of Chicago, claiming that they sold nothing but sweetened whisky. This concern puts out all k

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

Home Talks.

The Summer is dying by and already the last month is with us. Now and then a fluttering leaf with brilliant markings whispers of the coming Autumn and long Winter that will surely follow.

No doubt these months have been very busy ones with most of THE HOUSEHOLD, in many respects perhaps the busiest of the year, while some have spent the time in flying from City to sea shore or mountain in search of pleasure or comfort. For the heats have been terrible all over the country from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Panting and breathless the multitudes have sighed for cooler airs, willing to meet the dreaded cold in Winter rather than endure longer such scorching heats. Just now as we write, the days are poems, each one complete in itself, but one must tremble lest some hot wave which is on its way shall strike at the roots of our contentment ere another 24 hours have gone.

It is not a good time perhaps to talk about study or work, for the brain needs to be fallow during these exhausting seasons. Still this is a good time to lay some plan for the Winter, get it well digested and ready to carry out when the time comes.

"What do you mean?" asks some member of THE HOUSEHOLD. "Why should we make a plan for Winter more than for Summer?"

We mean just this. No life should be without an object, a definite, well-defined aim to make the most of oneself and opportunities. Every year that passes should be marked by growth, and to do this thought and effort are absolutely required. If necessary duties occupy all of the time, and use the strength, then study how to simplify these duties and turn them into a means of progress.

But there are few people who have not leisure through the long Winter months. There are many hours that may be utilized both for pleasure and profit if some method is taken to use them to a purpose. Make up your mind to learn something which will be of benefit and then set about rendering it possible. It is astonishing how much can be done in a short time if some system is employed in the doing. And it is so easy in these days to find ways and means to learn anything and everything. Even those way back in the country may acquire a thorough knowledge of many things through the correspondence societies, that once were shut away from them through lack of teachers.

Peraure you have little leisure do not imagine it not worth your while to lay a plan or make an effort for improvement. Remember that nothing is lost in this world. The tiniest seed will bear its fruit, and besides, you will be much happier for having something to think of and strive for outside the daily routine of your life. And by and by the wonder will grow, as you look back, that you have done so much.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Country Schools.

I must confess that the article of "Country Teacher" which appeared some time ago aroused my feelings a little, because some of his statements do injustice to our "bone and sinew," the farming fraternity. His estimation of our common schools as civilized mediums, is good. But he seems to overlook the fact that all human effort is imperfect. Not until we don immortality will we be perfect. It is a fact that our schools should do better, but when we consider the brief time that the *common school system* has been in existence, *they have worked wonders*. You must also conceive that human imperfections can be erased only by long and patient effort. It requires several generations, in fact, to revolutionize long practiced customs. And there is another obstacle to contend with in bringing common schools up to the required standard. It is the continued influx of the foreign element. All of these are accustomed to no or at least a very limited "schooling." These must be recast in the mould of our liberal school system. They must be led into new channels of thought, and shown the necessity of a free and earnest development of the intellectual faculties, in order to exercise the newly acquired right and privilege, which it, in some cases, like a No. 7 calf-skin boot on a No. 12 foot. There are numerous drawbacks that will defy and refute the most earnest and skilful effort. But this must not discourage us. Constant dropping wears the stone away. Our schools, as a whole, are doing as well as can be expected for the present, and, no doubt, will do more effectual work in our great scheme of civilization in the future. So, my friends, let us look forward hopefully and faithfully.

Man is commanded to "replenish the earth." Life must be sustained. To sustain it, certain articles for food and protection are needed, according to the climate we inhabit. These cost continuous labor, and sometimes labor that chafes the heart of the kind parent, when his efforts will not give the dear ones enough to keep them from suffering. It is the first duty of every parent to provide these, or as our esteemed friend, "Country Teacher," expresses it, center their *chief* interest in money making. Money moves the world, the schools included, and it is the duty of every parent to make all he can, honestly, but he must, of course, expend it judiciously.

We must always judge a man by what he is not by what he appears. We find a great many "Old Rusties" among our yeomen, an appearance which their business produces, and no amount of refinement can prevent it. But, my dear "Country Teacher," did you ever observe what lies beneath that "Old Rusty's" external appearance? Did you ever become an eavesdropper at a gathering of the "Old Rusties?" Did you consider the great amount of solid wisdom that usually passes in course of their conversation? Did you ever stop to think that a man can be wise, although he may not speak grammatically, or as eloquently as an Ingersoll or Beecher? Did you ever observe that the average "Old Rusty" can floor the average "country teacher" in debate, where original thought is the measurement of excellence? Did you ever converse with the "Old Rusty" on historical or political subjects, just to see how much more he knows about them than you or I do? Have you ever thought that "Country Teachers (I am one of them) are no better in a moral point of view than the blacksmiths or cheesemakers? Is not a man that raises hogs, provided he is a *man*, entitled to as much respect from his brother "Old Rusties" as the "Country Teacher" is?

"Old Rusty, he says, "is elected a member of the School Board because he has been successful in raising hogs." It is wise in patrons of new schools to choose men to manage their school affairs, who are endowed with a good supply of natural sense, discretion and business tact; and a man who proves to be a possessor of these in the hog business, (and he cannot be successful without them) will exercise his abilities in managing the affairs of a school district or any other business. I find that, as a rule, Minnesota "Rusties" choose men who possess these traits, and I think it is a wise course. Now, I am not aware what "Country Teacher" calls an "ignoramus" but it usually means a man who has very little sense, natural or acquired. If he means a person with no book learning, then give me an ignoramus of economical and business character in preference to a "Solon" made up of books. He says that "Old Rusty" could not talk common sense in school matters if he wished. Did our friend ever observe the theme of conversation that usually exists among a crowd of high school or college students? An "Old Rusty" would be sick at heart to hear them sometimes. "Where there is a will there is a way." "Rusty" has the will, while our learned students have not, and therefore I think the old gentleman is entitled to the most praise.

BILL.

Our Right to Vote.

It may seem to some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, that quite enough has been said on the suffrage question, but sisters the subject is not yet exhausted, neither should we give up the fight until we are allowed the rights that are justly ours. But to my mind some of the advocates of female suffrage are making a great mistake. They ask the privilege of voting upon temperance and the school question. Now I grant that women are more interested in these questions than in others, but it is not a favor we are asking for, but a right that we demand, and one which has been already too long withheld. If we are capable of voting upon these questions, why not upon others? I am surprised when I hear women opposing female suffrage, and trying to make ridiculous the advocates of it. Do they stop to think what sort of a crowd they are placing themselves in? In these days there are very few (I had almost said none at all) high principled intelligent gentlemen, who oppose women voting. Among the drunken, blatant, ignorant class; men who vote the Democratic or Republican ticket because their fathers before them voted with that party is where you will find the fiercest opposers; the men who cry out that they don't want to vote when weak-minded women have the same privilege; the men who can hardly write their own names, or read an election ticket; the men who rule their households by brute force; the men who get drunk and whip their wives, these are the men who don't want women to vote, and why? Because they are afraid of the influence of women in politics. They tremble, and well they may, lest some of their pet institutions—the gambling dens and drunkard-making establishments—may fall to the ground. They know that many women have far more intelligence and business talent than they have, and they dread the day when she shall have the right to use that intelligence in helping to make the laws of the country. It seems to me that those women who say they don't want to vote, and wouldn't if they could, cannot have looked into the matter. Why, friends, when that time comes, and it will come, you will vote because you will feel that it is your right and duty to do so.

It is not expected that all women will be actively interested in politics—neither are all men—neither do we expect to aspire to the office of Constable or Postmaster, but there are many offices that could be just as well filled by a woman as a man. Those people who have tried so hard to show up the ridiculous side of women voting and holding office have generally succeeded in making themselves ridiculous, without advancing their cause. To "Pearl" and others who are so fond of the old "clinging" theory, and have oaks to cling to, let me say, dear woman, we don't propose to drag you out of your happy homes to vote or hold office, and if you don't want to exercise your rights, just go on "clinging" to the end of the chapter, but there are many women who have found out long ago that they are quite capable of standing alone, and have discarded that sentimental nonsense. All we ask is that you will stand out of the way, for this is an age of progress, and we fully expect before many years roll away to "shoulder our green cotton umbrellas," and march to the polls along with our husbands, sons and brothers, and we shall not feel that by depositing our ballots with their's we have lost any of our womanly attractions.

I want to hear personally from some member of THE HOUSEHOLD living in Northern Missouri, with a view to becoming better acquainted with the soil, climate, society, etc., of that State. A letter addressed as below will reach me.

Argyle, Wis. JESSAMINE.

The Coleus.

During the past few years the attention of flower growers has been directed to the coleus as a bedding and house plant, and the demand for them has been so great that our florists have given this class of plants much care and thought, and have been very successful in obtaining many new and beautiful varieties. But a few years ago a bed of coleus was an uncommon sight, while to-day almost every lover of flowers has their yard or lawn ornamented with them in Summer, and the window garden is made much more attractive by them in Winter, for they are now far prettier than those cultivated then.

Two new varieties of coleus have been introduced in the past few years, one the fringed, with deeply serrated leaves; and the tri-colors, with foliage composed of several colors, beautifully blended, of the former Pictus and Multicolor were the first of this class introduced, and on a dry soil and in a sunny situation they are truly beautiful. The tri-colors are much more delicate in appearance, and may be had in great variety, though many of them closely resemble each other and are hardly worthy of distinction. Some of the more delicate and finer marked varieties do not hold their beauty so well when bedded out. Some of the finest are Chas. Darwin, veined and mottled with pink, sulphur and olive green; Exquisite, brilliant violet, carmine, center shading to bronze, green margin; Fairy, yellow and green, blotched with crimson scarlet; Multicolor, distinct from all others. It is many colored, crimson, rose, with shades of red finely blended. Pictus, marbled yellow maroon and crimson, Red Cloud, rich crimson, evenly marmorated with blackish brown, narrow green margin; Speciosa, green, with broad yellowish white central bar, and Thomas Meehan, dark carmine shaded with brown, green margin, a new type, with oak leaf shaped foliage. Had I space I would like to describe more of these beautiful new varieties.

Coleas are very easily rooted in sand and grow very fast. They are very sensitive to moisture and like a dry atmosphere, and rather dry soil. They make very satisfactory window plants when not watered too much, which invariably causes them to damp off and die. The Pictus and Moulticolor varieties like the bright rays of the sun, but the most of the other varieties are much finer when grown in partial shade. They like a rich, light soil, well drained. A soil composed of leaf mould, sand and well rotted manure in about equal parts have always given us the best results. Never water the plants until they really need water. In propagating the coleas from cuttings be careful not to keep the sand too moist, or the cuttings will damp off.

J. H. P.

"Observer" Answered.

In looking over THE HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE of July 14 I noticed an article by "An Observer," headed "Kansas Sufferers," in which she gives us a history of how there happens to be so many of those sufferers. She says many of her neighbors are mortgaging their farms and as long as their money lasts they spend their time in chasing well, giving good dinners, loafing around town, etc. When their money is gone they become objects of charity. "Others are too shiftless to work, and all such as I have mentioned were people who came here with considerable means and have spent it foolishly."

Now there is an inconsistency in this. People who have anything, generally have to work and manage for it, and if these people had money when they came there, they probably know how they got it and would not go back on their principles to such an extent as to expect to live without work. And they burn cornstalks! I should think it would take a very industrious person to keep fire with cornstalks. She must live in a very bad neighborhood. Those who are not lazy and shiftless, she represents as being selfish and dishonest. If they were not so, they who are able would buy their seeds and clothing instead of taking what was sent to relieve the needy.

She also says that a United Brethren minister sent to Ohio for a box of clothing which he, with two others, took the best of, and "she can't say whether any one worthy got anything or not." There has been a United Brethren Church at this place for 10 years, and of course many different ministers with their families have been sent here, but I have never seen but two or three families that did not need relief all the time, both in the way of food and clothing. So my opinion is that when those ministers took that clothing, the worthy and needy did receive it. "Observer," as you say, we in this Western country are all poor and have to work hard, but we must not forget that the interest of the soul is above all to us, and if good men are willing to leave their families in God's care and go forth to preach to us the glad tidings of salvation we should not begrudge them a little help in the shape of "relief." Nay, more, we should be willing to give of our substance to help maintain them.

I am a teacher, and have had some opportunity to observe also. I know many who have been obliged to mortgage their farms, but do not know of a single instance of those "Observer" cites. They are worthy, hard working men and women, who have invested their all in the improvement of their farms and are struggling against the discouragements which always attend the settlement of a new country. I would like to ask the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD if any of them have tried bee keeping in Kansas, and with what success. I asked this question about a year ago, but received no answer.

LOU.

Pacific Jottings.

"Original B" asks if we shall "march onward in the road of progression?" Of course we must, since eternal progression is the true destiny of life.

Retrograde movements are always small ones—little outside, backward currents that play attendance upon the great onward stream that sweeps into the one vast ocean of the Eternal. We don't believe that our bright Pacific is irreligious nor impiously inclined. Her fair lands, rich in Nature's gifts, her beautiful vallies are too full of the true poetry of Nature to favor dogmatical theories, and the consequence is, there is not enough to go "around." Mental freedom is a marked feature of high civilization, and here truth is fast making us free. Science teaches deific law and ascribes the penalty of transgression. God is no respecter of persons. Each and every one receives according to merit. Punishment calls us to account; demands of us obedience to His law. But knowledge must precede obedience. Therefore, Solomon was wise when he said, "With all thy gettings, get understanding."

When in the fullness of time we learn how to live properly and wisely, much of the sorrow and suffering, disease and unnatural death that so affect us now will exist only in the past. We must learn that "Providence helps only those who help themselves." The shirking of our responsibilities upon heaven instead of working for them is wrong. The looking forward to death bed repentance kills the incentive to righteousness and destroys the high and noble development of body and soul. O. B. mentions charity. My opinion is:

True charity comes from the soul,
It takes no stock in pride or gold;
A jewel rare, by few possessed,
Coarse imitations priests confessed.
The glory of their gifts must rise
To gild their crooked sermon lies.

True charity I often trace
In eye and on the anxious face.
What is it smooths the angry mind,
Dispels the waves of thought unkind;
Brings back the wayward heart and tries
With better, wiser thoughts supplies;
With all that pure and good attend?
This, too, is charity, my friend.

Butte Co., California. S. S. P.

Mocking Birds in Kansas.

Some one asks how far north the mocking bird will live, and is answered by a Kansas lady that they will not live North at all, that they are "unreconstructed Rebels," etc. I do not know where this lady lives in Kansas, but I want to tell you about a dear little nest so close to my door I can almost reach my hand into it from the step. Two beautiful mocking birds found the spot when a wild rose I have growing its own wild way over a picket fence, was in bloom. They built their nest in its sheltered branches, and the mother bird is setting now on four of the prettiest little brown spotted eggs, nothing daunted,—the prying eyes of a small boy and girl, notwithstanding—and they look like loyal citizens at that. We live near the "Nation" line, in the southern tier of Counties. Birds of this kind sell for 25 cents just from the nest and as high as $2 50 when they are grown singers.

A question was asked by an Iowa sister as to how we found the prohibition amendment working, etc. We want everybody to understand that a people that can make and establish it are also capable of seeing it enforced. Of course there are lawless persons who consider it a great infringement upon their rights—precious rights, that of making beasts of themselves—and they have been known to boast of their intentions to "drink no less" and to ask in an insinuating way "how long a man could live in this country who dared to inform or prosecute them for violating the law." But let me beg you to believe that as a common thing the law is heartily approved, and warmly defended, and although it now seems severe to some, we hope to see it amended, so as to make the sale of intoxicating drinks a felony.

"Back yonder where I came from," down in the cool shady bottoms, there grow "blue bells" that bloom in early Spring, and never passes an April or May without my longing to possess some of them. Would some one send me some roots?

MILLIE W. HILL,

Cedarvale, Kan.

Bricks Without Straw.

There is one greater than Pharoah, who seems to be forcing the people of to-day to make brick without straw.

In the foundation of our nation there were no crumbling bricks, but as layer after layer was placed less and less straw was used, and as a consequence the glorious edifice that we thought would enshrine our name forever seems at times to be tottering. The architect who has been trying to get the contract for finishing this structure has presented the most elaborate plans; our pinnacle of fame should reach the very clouds, but he has no straw for the bricks.

We find this workman a hard taskmaster, for we have not the only thing necessary, *religion*. This must be the motive power in our government, this only can give us strength, this only can save us from ruin. Sin in all its forms has forced itself into our Capitol. This monster would rear for us a palace of wonderful proportions, but great would be the fall thereof, and we should be buried in its ruins. Intrigue has been gnawing at the very vitals of our country. The desire for personal supremacy has brought us near the brink of an awful abyss. With whirling brains did we look down into the darkness, then with what yearnings, what cries for mercy did we turn to the Almighty God for deliverance from this yawning chasm. God in his goodness heard the volumes of prayer that ascended to Him.

Now shall we go on in our old course, or with our faith strong in the God of Justice shall we finish our monument with bricks not made without straw? This is what we would say to our correspondent of two weeks ago in reference to our National calamity.

CHRIS.

Thanks.

Many thanks to "Moss Rose" for her reply to my query as to what was suitable for white in bouquets. I disagree in regard to the Ageratum, as it wilts badly for me. I have often stemmed flowers for boquets, but think they do not retain their freshness as well as when on their own stems. Putting salt in the water will keep them nicer than the water alone. I am fond of pink and salmon colors in boquets. Mineahaha geranium looks well with any color. Kentish fire and Jewel are good scarlets. George Sand is a good single, while Nilsson is a good pink, and Anna Montel is a double pink, changing to lilac rose. Happy Thought leaves are better than nothing for edging them. I have only one medium sized rose geranium, and I dislike to clip it too close, so I often take coleus leaves. I have 17 varieties of coleus, ranging from palest green and white to the darkest, which is named Nego. These make a nice edge when they are used alternately light and dark.

By the by did you notice the assortment of Roses we had this week "Moss Rose," "Bridal Rose," and "White Rose." Quite a vogue of Roses. I think Fuchsias are as nice as need be, Black Prince and Beacon are both elegant ones. Verbenas are the most constant blossomers of any. I have some I prize very much. Let us hear from you again "Moss Rose," and by your own true name, please.

KATE W. AULD.

Inquiries.

Will you please answer through your columns whether there is a work of poetry entitled "Complete Works of Will Carleton;" if so where can I obtain it and what is the price?—AUNT BETSY.

We know of no such collection. There is his "Farm Ballads," which contains the most popular of his poems. Application to any bookseller will give you information as to its price.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD please give a good recipe to make soap? I would like a number, if good.—A READER.

Will "Rhoda," who wrote in BLADE of July 21, from "Far off Oregon," please send her address by postal to Mrs. L. L. Ditus, Brown's Grove, Pawnee Co., Kan.?

I would like to ask "Rosella Rice" if she really meant baking powder to be used in her crullers, for all the baking powder we get says, do not use sour milk, and she says use a creamy sour milk. Will some one tell me the best kind of broiler? Have tried several, but the gravy runs on the stove, and I can't stand that.—ELIZABETH MAPLES.

Will the lady who sent the recipe for the cure for rupture with oil of egg, be kind enough to send it to R L. Fowler, Leonard, Porter County, Kan.; also to Lock Box 21, Independence, Kan?

Will "Rhoda," of Oregon, please send her address to me, as I would like to correspond with her in regard to the country? I will pay postage.—R. M. DAVIES, Bridge, Saline County, Kan.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE furnish any of the following named song ballads: "Kate's Secret," "Phantom Footsteps," "Sweet Belle Mahone," or "Courting in the Rain?" Address—J. S. WARREN, Xenia, Clay Co., Ill.

Will "Rose Ella Porter" please repeat the directions for knit edging, which were published in the Weekly BLADE July 21? I tried it, but think there were some mistakes in it. I am very anxious to have a correct pattern; or will she give her address and oblige—SALLIE J. CANNON, New Philadelphia, Washington Co., Ind.?

Will "Bertie Rigdon" Grant Co., Ind., send her address to M. R. Rigdon, Wetmore, Pike Co., O.?

Will John L. Tait, jr., of Oregon whose article appeared in the issue of July 7, please send his address to Geo. H. Bicknell, Woodland, Ill., as he wishes to know more about the country?

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD publish in the BLADE a cure for a mite that burrows in the diseased follicles of the human face, more especially the nose of rum?—INCOG.

Will some one tell through THE HOUSEHOLD where I can get honeycomb and penelope canvas?—SABRA BARNUM.

Write to some well known dry goods house in any of the large Cities and you can get all needed information and probably the article itself.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some sister of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to pickle artichokes?—MRS. J. M. DORMAN, Mount Idaho, Idaho Co., Idaho Ter.

Can any one in THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to get rid of black ants that are ruining a "snow ball" tree?—GRACE WHITE.

Please give a recipe for making tomato ketschup.—MRS. F. D. HAUSENKRATT, Canton City, Fremont Co., Col.

Will "Carolina," of June, be kind enough to send her address to "Golden Slipper," Box 18, Hartford, Van Buren Co., Mich., and oblige a friend?

Answers to Inquiries.

In the issue of July 28 Mrs. "J. W. M." says her chickens, bought for Plymouth Rock's, are marked like Dominiques, and wants to know if they are pure or mongrel. They are in all probability Plymouth Rocks as the latter are a made breed by crossing Dominiques with Asiatics and black African fowls, showing a little of each breed. They are slate-colored with a black bar on each feather, giving them a mottled or Dominique appearance. The Cochercells generally run very light, while the pullets are dark, some running quite black. Legs and beaks should be yellow. In mating for breeding always select light colored Cockerel and dark pullets, as a pair both dark will surely throw *black* chicks.—TOLEDO.

F. C. Adams, Brookville, Kan., wishes some good old lady who has raised a family to give a good but harmless remedy for bad blood. I am not that old lady inquired for, but for the benefit of others will give my successful remedies. Take a handful of black walnut leaves and pour boiling water over them; drink freely of the tea for a few weeks. Another remedy I have tried, and think still better, is a tea made of tag alder bark. Both are excellent. Spring is the best time to doctor the blood.—MRS. E. C. STOWE, Garden Prairie, Ills.

In answer to "George" who asked for a cure for the scurvy I will say I cured myself of it by using sulphate of zinc and chloral of potash. I used some times one and then the other. I made a wash of the chloral of potash and the sulphate of zinc. I rubbed it on daily.

Some one wanted to know how to keep fruit or jelly from molding. For fruit have the water come to the top of the fruit can and then cut a piece of paper the size of your can then wet it with brandy and put over it. Cover the jelly in the same way.—INEXPERIENCE.

I will tell L. A. L. how I prepare a quilt for quilting on a machine. I spread the lining on the floor, lay the cotton smoothly over it, then the top of the quilt, taking care to have it all as smooth as possible, then stick pins at the corners, and center of each block, and closer, if the blocks are large; now roll up from each side to the middle, and pin it several times to keep it from unrolling. The half of the quilt rolled up in this way will readily go under the arm of the machine. Begin in the middle to quilt, and unroll as you proceed with the quilting.

Thanks to Miss Mollie Strawn and A. Miller for the numbers of the BLADE they were kind enough to send.—MRS. A. DOWNING.

In answer to inquiries: To paint on silk or satin stretch your material on a board and cover parts where not intending to paint. Sketch out your design with fine brush, "with any good medium;" then paint in with oil colors mixed or thinned the amount they require with it. You can by this use of "mediums" paint quite nicely panels on the ordinary building paper. To paint on china successfully requires a teacher for six years.

I have pared, sliced and put to boil my tomatoes, not quite ripe. When they boil up stir them over once with a spoon; dip them into tin cans setting on the stove. Remove one at a time to a table, wipe, lay on lid, hold down with a fork with the left hand; pour on wax with the right. Set in cold water. I never fail in this way. Green tame grapes, brought to a boil and canned in glass are almost as nice as gooseberries. They must be fully grown. Soup, vegetables and stewed meats may be thus sealed up hot in glass and enable you to get a hot dinner next day with little labor and a few moments' fire.

In rooting slips of many kinds I find that I have the best success in sprinkling the foliage several times a day, and watering the earth once. By this method I have had no trouble in rooting slips this hot July. I account this the secret of my excellent success in the Winter—When cold weather comes I add enrichment to the earth on top.—STRANGER.

Please say to the lady that inquired for a cure for asthma, that my mother has used the following for the last 12 years and it has never failed to give immediate relief, and is the only thing she ever tried that did her any good:

1 oz each of pulverized leaves of Belladonna and Stramonium; 1 oz. of pulverized Skunk's Cabbage and 1 oz. of pulverized Nitrate of Potassa.

To use it, take a few coals on a shovel, make a funnel of stiff brown paper about 4 or 5 inches in width at the large end and one inch at small end; take a small pinch of the mixture and sprinkle it on the coals; put the large end of the funnel over it and inhale the smoke letting the small end come as near the mouth as you can and not choke the patient. It has never failed to give mother relief.—AUNT PATSY.

Tell "George" if he will use gun powder moistened with a drop or two of water for ring worm he will find it a sure cure.—LIZZIE.

I see one Household sister has remembered the widow in her far Western home. Another "Aunt Isola" has made inquiry if any one has done anything for her. I wrote to her adding my mite also sent her a package of seed; would have sent a larger package could I have got to Town, 10 miles distant, in time to have bought them; will say to the sisters that whatever you choose to give her buy it where you reside and send it by mail. The postage will not cost as much extra as it will to buy the goods where she lives. Everything is very expensive in the far west. Perhaps some one can suggest a cheaper way of sending them than by mail. Let us have the opinion of some sister upon the subject.—WIDOW BEDOTT, Nettleton.

Recipes.

TO MAKE LEMON EXTRACT.

Take the parings of two lemons cut in small pieces, put in a bottle or can, and pour to that one pint of alcohol. Let stand a week and it will be fit for use, as good as that we buy.—KITTY M.

TO KILL BEDBUGS.

I can tell housekeepers how to get rid of bed bugs, for I have tested the remedy thoroughly. We moved into a house occupied I might say by thousands. I steeped a quantity of tobacco and let it cool (don't ever scald for warm treatment agrees with the bugs, they thrive in hot weather and never trouble us in cold) then clean bedstead, woodwork and floor of the bed rooms with the decoction. Then take an old tin, put in some live coals and put some sulphur on the coals and shut the room as tight as you can. The smoke will go into the crevices where you cannot get the tobacco juice. I did this in October; the next August I saw one, all that I ever found and we lived in the house almost four years.—MRS. A. R. S.

CHEAP CAKE.

1 pt. of sugar, 1 pt. of sweet milk, 3 pts. of flour, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of lard, a pinch of salt. Break the eggs in a cup and beat them well; beat the lard to a cream, then add the sugar, next the eggs, then the milk, last the flour and yeast powder, mix well, essence to the taste, drop a teaspoonful at a time on buttered tins, leave plenty of room and bake immediately in a hot oven.

A piece of soda the size of a pea, given to a child six months old, will be found a great help in curing Summer complaint. Give every morning.—LIZZIE.

TO BAKE FISH.

Take off the outside skin and put them in a pot of water and parboil them until quite done and then put them in a skillet and set them in a stove until the water all dries out, then cover them all over with butter and sprinkle with black pepper and set them back in the stove until brown.—EMER.

HEALTHFUL DRINK.

To those who are inclined to drink too much water these warm days I would say I have often used ginger with good success to stop the craving for water. Put a teaspoonful of good ginger in a pitcher and pour a quart of boiling water on it and let settle. Drink either cold or hot. For laboring men a gallon might be made and put on ice till cold and it will be found good for bowel complaints.—FARMER'S WIFE.

TO MAKE BISCUIT.

I see that Mrs. J. M. Null asks for explicit directions for making biscuit. I will try and tell her how we make them out here in Oregon: Take a jar or pitcher, put a cup of yeast into it, 1 qt. of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of salt; stir in flour enough to make a tolerable stiff batter; mix at night, let stand until morning, it will be very light; now have a pan of flour ready, scoop out a place in the center, as you would for light bread, pour your batter out and sprinkle enough soda in to sweeten it; mix thoroughly, roll, and cut out, dip the edge of each one into melted butter or lard; lay them into the bake pan closely, set them on a kettle or pan of warm water on the stove to rise, let them get quite light and bake in a quick oven. You only need the yeast to start with; leave a little in the jar and it should be used once a day. I use this kind of biscuit for breakfast and think them very nice. I hope the lady will try it and let the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD know how she succeeds. I forgot to say to use no shortening and not to mix the biscuits too stiff. In making biscuit with sour milk and soda, always mix the soda in the dry flour. They are also very nice dipped into the melted butter; it will keep them from sticking together.—MRS. H. H. T.

It is absolutely impossible to give the address of persons whose communications appeared weeks previous to the request, much as we should like to oblige our friends.

No one need send an inquiry in regard to the excellence of any patented article used in the house or upon the farm. An answer would be simply an advertisement, which cannot be given gratuitously.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Our Young Folks.

A FABLE FOR SMART LITTLE BOYS.

There was a little Hottentot
Who wandered in a shady spot,
Beside a sluggish river's brink
Where savage beasts came down to drink.
When suddenly he ran across
A monstrous, grim rhinoceros.
The little blackamoor was pert,
And not afraid of being hurt;
So, without any hesitation,
He entered into conversation,
And, just to make his smartness clear,
Began to ridicule and jeer:

"My gracious! what an ugly beast!
Your skin is all begrimed and greased;
And what a nose for shape and size,
With a great horn between the eyes!"

Whereat that big rhinoceros
Just gave his nose a little toss,
His funny little cricket eyed
With grim good humor, and replied:

"My nose, young darky? take a look
At yours, reflected in the brook:
Now tell me what you think of *that?*"

"Mine? Why, 'twas beautifully flat
When I was born; my mother's care
To give me a distinguished air
Has broadened it to what you see,
And made my playmates envy me."

"Yes, made you quite a beau! But hark 'ee,
You most important youngdarky,
And let me tell you I was made
With this huge form, and thus arrayed
With a great horn upon my nose,
To serve as warning to all those
Who poke in other folk's platters,
And make free with their neighbor's matters.
I've half a mind—toward serve you right—
To toss you fairly out of sight.
I'm coming for you now! Here goes!
Say, now, how do you like my nose?"

"Oh, don't, you dear, good, lovely beast!
I didn't mean it in the least;
You are the sweetest beast I know,
And every one will tell you so."

"You little impudence! begone!
Quick, or my nose shall help you on!"

That frightened little Hottentot
Departed on a lively trot.

—*Harper's Young People.*

Sunshine in Shady Places.

Nell Wynne had never, so far as she could remember, been sick in her short and happy life. Her merry heart seemed full of nothing but songs, like a bird's, for she had been born with a bright cheerful temper and winning ways that made everybody love and favor her.

Blessed with perfect health, running over with life and spirits herself Nell really could not understand in those days the sickness or the sadness she saw in other people. It simply repelled her, and she could not bear to come near it, or, if she did, it made her half-mystified, half-impatient.

Loving eyes saw this fault in merry, ignorant Nell wise, tender mother eyes that watched for a chance to show her how we must learn to look on the pain and suffering which we cannot ignore as we go through the world, unless we are willing to lose altogether the privilege of helping, like the Good Samaritan, the wounded and half-dead soul left by the wayside.

When Nell and her mother, with a party of friends, were staying in the mountains last Summer, Mrs. Wynne was attracted to a young girl in deep mourning, who kept aloof from all the frolics going on among the young people of her own age.

"My dear," Mrs. Wynne would say to Nell, "if you are all pairing off for this mountain ramble, why not urge Miss Arthur to be your companion? She needs diverting from her troubles."

"Oh, mamma! she cries so much, and looks so solemn in her black dress, and mourns so for her mother! I am just as sorry as can be for her, I truly am, but I don't know what to say to her, and I should only hurt her, somehow, I always say the wrong thing. I don't know how to be careful."

And it would be as mate of the fleetest foot and most daring spirit that Nell would do her climbing up old Tip-Top.

Nell gloried in sunshine. Rainy days made her restless, and when, on one stormy Friday, her mother proposed, "Why not sit awhile with Miss Lilly? She has had a disappointing trip, but now that she is getting better of her illness she needs to be amused." Nell declared, with one of her own honest looks from the dancing, dark eyes:

"I pity her, but she frightens me; she is so white and so weak, I feel as though I should break such a frail little person. You see, mamma, a tough girl like me don't belong alongside of glass people." Whereupon she would run off laughing, to lead in some scheme for entertainment, the most untiring among the party.

It was her gentle mother whom the shy people invariably found out, to whom a lame chicken or a hurt dog would be brought for advice, and who comforted the sick.

"I wonder how mamma does it," Nell would say; "but she rather likes shade, and doesn't mind quiet. Now, I do love fun; I do like something going on; I always want plenty of light, and plenty of cheerful company."

One day Nell, forgetting, because she was herself so strong, that her mother worried more easily, had coaxed Mrs. Wynne to a long walk through her favorite woods, until even she was willing to sit down and rest.

They had entered a deep forest, and it seemed as though the place where they sit down must be the very densest, shadiest spot in the whole of it, so high the pines were overhead, so thick the mingled hemlocks and laurels that grew lower.

"How dark and still!" cried Nell, taking off her hat and fanning herself.

How cool and refreshing!" said her mother, sitting down on the pine needles. Then Nell exclaimed suddenly:

"Oh, mamma, look! how pretty!"

Mrs. Wynne looked where Nell pointed, and saw a slender, pale wood flower that grew low in the groom. A ray of sunshine had just found this flower—how could it have gotten in through the interlaced boughs?—and as it struck full athwart it, the flower stem seemed to straighten up as if on tip toe, the white-faced blossom caught a glad, rosy light.

"What a perfect little picture!" said Mrs. Wynne. "I suppose that one touch of sunlight is all the flower has. It can only come at just this time of day, and for a brief while."

As she spoke the sunbeam grew fainter; in a moment it had quite vanished.

"How beautiful or that sunbeam to find this one pale, lonesome flower hidden away in the dark!" cried Nell, in her enthusiastic way. "Now, I would a great deal rather be that sunbeam than a sunbeam in our garden at home, where the flowers can have the sunshine all day long! Wouldn't you, mamma?"

"You would, then, see beauty in 'making sunshine in a shady place?'" asked Mrs. Wynne significantly.

"Why, yes," and Nell still smiled at the flower in the shadow.

"Let us remember it, daughter dear. It is a beautiful thing to be sent like this sunbeam into those dark places that get little light. You are strong and glad, and feel like shining yourself. Doesn't it seem to you, then, it must be meant for you to shine into those shady corners that you are rather apt to be afraid of? My dear, in a dark place one is very thankful for the least light, and a kind look, a cheerful word, a tiny favor from you would often make troubled people very much happier."

Nell listened thoughtfully. Somehow the little vison in the wood had impressed her. She gathered the white flower and carried it to Miss Lily herself, instead of sending it by her mother. Nor could she help seeing that the brightening of Miss Lily's face at the unwonted attention was like the brightening of the sun touched flower. For the first time merry Nell understood that to make a sad face brighten so is the sweetest of pleasures, and I think from that time on she never entirely forget it.

"After all, I believe people's troubles are as interesting as their good times," she remarked, weeks after, telling her mother the story she had been hearing of a friend's perplexities, "and I'm not as afraid of knowing about them as I used to be, even though I don't know the wisest thing to say."

"Love and sympathy will show you what to say, and when to be silent, which is sometimes even better," her mother answered, with a glad look at Nell's face. "So go on, dear making sunshine in shady places."—*Our Little Grangers*

Little Lost Willie.

Willie had wandered away from his mother's cottage into the wood. He had often been there with his sister to gather faggots for their fire. He did not know that he was lost until it began to grow dark. Then he started to go home. But alas! the paths were new and strange to him; he could not tell which one led to his mother's cottage.

You may be sure his brave little heart beat hard and quick under his new jacket. He felt a great lump rising in his throat, and he wanted to cry. But he would not. Wasn't he a man—almost? Whatever happened to him, one thing he would not do, and that was, make a big hullabaloo.

"I'll try this path," he said, pinching his arms to make him bolder, as he had heard of somebody doing. "This looks the most like it." And off he started on a brisk trot.

Whisk! went a rabbit across his path. He followed, with his eyes, the pretty creature and saw a light gleaming through the wood.

"I guess that must be our house, but it don't look a bit like the place," he said. "I'll soon find out, though." And he darted eagerly off in the direction of the light, and upon a nearer approach saw a Gypsy tent. In the door stood a woman with a large shawl thrown over her head.

Willie could not see her face. Her back was towards him. "Of course she's a wicked old gypsy!" he thought, "but who's afraid? I'm just going to ask her to show me the way out of the wood, if she eats me for it!" So he marched up, like the little hero he was, and lightly touching her arm said, "Madam, can you show a little man about my size the way out of the wood?"

Instead of replying, the woman caught him up quickly into her arms,—half smothering him with tears and kisses. It was his own mother. She had searched the woods vainly for him. She had come to inquire of the people in the tent if they had seen anything of her little lost Willie.—*Our Little Ones.*

Boiling Water in a Sheet of Paper.

Take a piece of paper and fold it up, as school-boys do, into a square box without a lid. Hang this up to a walking-stick by four threads, and support the stick upon hooks or other convenient props. Then a lamp or taper must be placed under this dainty cauldron. In a few minutes the water will boil. The only fear is least the threads should catch fire and let the water spill into the lamp and over the table. The flames must therefore not be too large. The paper does not burn because it is wet; and even if it resisted the wet it still would not burn through, because the heat imparted to it on one side by the flame would be very rapidly conducted away by the water on the other. Another experiment of a similar nature, but perhaps even more striking, is as follows: Twist up

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Rat-Proof Corn-Crib.

A rat-proof corn crib is described by the Practical Farmer as follows:

Build a good substantial house, twelve feet wide, eight feet high, and as long as you want it. This will give you two cribs, one on either side. Put your building on stone pillars, one foot above ground. Side up with lath 2 by 1 inches of hard wood (I used oak), putting them on up and down, being careful to have them just half an inch apart. The gables and any part of the building that does not come in contact with the corn, can be sided up with common pine boards; for bottoms of cribs, lath lengthwise, one half inch apart; balance of floor between cribs lay tight, of pine boards. My building has a string of ties between the sill and plate to nail to, and cross ties to hold the building together. Every eight feet on these ties spike a good strong studding or narrow plank across them lengthwise of the building as far from plate as you want the width of top of crib, then set up studding from floor, as many as will be sufficiently strong for crib; mortice the end in floor, gain the top into the horizontal studding about three quarters of an inch, then lath the inside of the crib with any kind of lath, just close enough to keep in the corn, commencing ten inches from the floor to leave room for the corn to come down into the trough, putting these lath on lengthwise. Then put in common sized door in the end, between the cribs. You can put a lock on the door, and all is secure. (I did not lock mine, and gained something by it, as I found a stray mitten in the crib on a cold morning.) To get the corn in the crib make doors above the plate the size you want them the same as dormer windows, and hang the doors on, and it will be complete. If any one wishes to have a granary, they can use one side of the building for that purpose, and the other for crib. The size of my cribs is three feet in the clear at bottom and five feet at top, but I am well satisfied they might be much wider and still the corn would cure well. Any one wanting wider cribs can build the house wide enough to suit. I have used this crib for about ten years, and can commend it as an entire success. The secret of this crib is putting the lath on up and down. This gives no place for the rats to stand on to cut holes, and the building being one foot above ground, they cannot reach the bottom. We are infested with swarms of gray rats, and there is not a building on the farm from which we can keep them out except the corn-crib. We keep corn over a year until the new crop is gathered in perfect safety.

Summer Care of Newly-Set Fruit Trees.

In these days almost every enterprising farmer or owner of a pleasant home finds that each Spring, in order to keep up with the times and the continuous wants of family and market, he needs to plant out more or less fruit trees or vines. We will suppose that those have been wisely selected and well planted at the proper time. Summer advances. What can be best done for those trees? First, go at once and inspect them all; and with a prong hoe or some other suitable hoe mellow up the soil for three or four feet all about them, being careful not to disturb the roots. If mulching was neglected at planting, proceed at once to get some coarse material, and after the thorough mellowing of the soil apply the mulch so as to cover the entire area of the roots or a little more. The effect of this will be first to smother the weeds, then to prevent excessive evaporation from the soil, and also to keep the earth beneath from packing down by frequent rains. The mulching serves better than aught else to keep the proper aeration and moisture of the soil, both so necessary to strong and healthy vegetable growth. So much for the earth; now for the tree. Examine carefully and see if the tree was properly pruned before planting; if not, take out every superfluous branch. Young trees should be thinned out so as to leave a very open head. Cut out every branch which a good judgment shows would crowd at full growth. Imagine a branch to be eight inches or more in diameter and then decide whether or not it should be spared or cut. Young trees should, as a rule, be pruned more, as old trees less, than is sometimes done. The cutting of a large branch from a mature tree always injures the future health and longevity of the tree. Remembering this, cut the superfluous branches before they become large; calculation and good judgment will enable you to do wisely about this. Again, examine the trees carefully for the scale insect. If you discover it flecking and coloring the branches of your trees, at once take a cloth and some diluted soft soap, and rub by hand until the last scale is dislodged. No half-way measures will answer. With vines, careful pruning and training will be necessary along during the season.

Tenant-Farming that Pays.

We recently visited the farm of William B. Hull, of North Stonington, and went over it with the proprietor to study the working of the tenant system, where it had been in operation for a term of 22 years, a period long enough to fully test its value. We were favorably impressed with the system, as a fair thing both for the capitalist and for the farmer. The system adopted on this farm and which prevails in this region, is the following: The owner of the farm furnishes the stock of manure in the yard at the beginning of the lease, which is measured by the cart load, as it is drawn out to the fields for use. He furnishes one-half of the stock—cattle, sheep, swine, poultry—which is undivided property, so that there may be no temptation to feed one part of the stock better than another. The tenant, on his part, binds himself to leave as much manure in the yard as he found there, to furnish one-half of the stock, and to keep it in as good condition as when he took it, to keep a strict account of all sales from the farm, and of all products consumed in his family, and to pay one-half of the receipts to the owner of the farm. He has the use of a garden, his fuel, and some other small perquisites, as may be agreed upon. The time of settlement is usually Christmas or New Year's. He is to keep the fences in good repair, and to conduct the business according to the rules of good husbandry. The lease runs for one year or indefinitely as long as both parties are satisfied. It is considered best for all parties to have the lease a long one. If the tenant is expecting to leave at the close of the year, he does not look much at the future condition of the soil. He is tempted to skim the farm for his present advantage. If he expects to occupy several years, his interest is more identified with the owner in keeping the farm in good condition.

As nothing but figures is satisfactory to men who have money to invest, we give the receipts of the farm, which were kindly furnished us by Mr. Hull, taken from his account book. Receipts for one-half the products in 1879: For calves $93.47, pigs (18 in number) $72.62, lambs (12 in number) $51.75, apples $20, oats $37.20, potatoes $12, cheese $15.21, eggs (701½ dozen) $17.56, butter from 19 cows, (845 lbs.) $308.20, turkeys (445 lbs.) $114.20, chickens $17, wool (16½ lbs.) $9.29, beef $39.81, pork (1,010 lbs.) $76.75; total $909.06. For the 22 years for which the farm has been rented, he has received $15,324.30, making an average of $719.28 as the annual rent of the farm. The farm, with the stock, came into Mr. Hull's possession at the valuation of $9,000. The annual rent is very nearly 8 per cent. upon the principal. Allowing 1 per cent for taxes, it would give 8 per cent interest upon the original valuation. The farm has been kept up in good heart, and will bear as good crops as when it came into his possession, and probably better. There has been some depreciation in the farm buildings, but these are still in fair condition, and will probably survive the owner. The first tenant made money steadily for 13 years and retired because he had money enough to buy a $6,000 farm for himself, and the larger part of it paid down. The present tenant has been on the farm nine years and seems contented, which is pretty good evidence that he is satisfied with his investment.

This system of working the land upon shares offers many advantages to a young farmer, who has small capital and does not want to run in debt for a farm. It gives him at once a home with pleasant surroundings and a living business, with out the burthen of a heavy interest account.—*Connecticut Agricultural Report for 1881.*

Butter Product of Native Cows.

The following statement illustrates the success of a practical man who conducted for many years an extensive dairy of native cows. Hon. Zadock Pratt of Green county, New York, has been long noted for his interest in progressive farming, and for his especial attention to the products of the dairy. As the result of his experience during nine years, with a herd of 58 native cows he has reported the following figures, which, though not apparently remarkable, indicate a low cost of production for the butter, and a wide margin of profit on the investment:

	Per cow.
Yearly milk product for entire herd, 4,042 lbs.	
Yearly butter product for entire herd, 230 lbs.	
Ratio of milk to butter for entire herd as.....	23 to 1 lb.
Yearly cost of feed (pasture, hay and grain).....	$ 23 00
Interest and labor, over value of manure.....	9 00
Yearly value of butter at 30c ₱ lb.....	29 00
Net profit per year for entire herd.....	2,150 00
Net cost ₱ lb for the butter, after crediting the skimmed milk).....	7½c.

Now, it is easy to see that some of these figures are open to correction. They are in some cases too low, and thus fail to show the value of actual results. Yet this error is always less serious than the common fault of going to the other extreme. If, in this case, the proprietor has not done full justice either to his cows, or his methods, it shows that his experiment is better than it looks. If, for example, the value of the manure and labor had been separately given and more accurately stated, this alone would have greatly increased the final effect. Again, in his feeding ration, the proportion of grain to hay and pasture is evidently too low for the best result of butter, either in quality, amount, or profit. When these corrections are made, it will be seen that the actual outcome of these trials is really more valuable than the figures indicate, and that the profit per cow is not less than $55 a year, and for the entire herd over $2,000.

Remarks on Orchards.

When an orchard is not cultivated, the roots lie nearer the surface and feed on the soil, which is not the case when the ground is plowed, as they are torn off and destroyed within the reach of the plow, which is usually about the depth of the soil.

I am aware that this idea is opposed to the general teaching, but, nevertheless, the orchard I have added to is a successful demonstration of the practical wisdom of not plowing orchards, or, at least, not plowing them as it is usually done. We intend to make our perpetual orchard a perpetual pig-pasture, as we believe pigs are the best adapted of any stock to run in an orchard. They will help to enrich the ground more than any other animals, and at the same time, by eating the fallen apples, they will destroy the worms that prey upon the fruit. In accordance with this purpose we have seeded our orchard with Orchard Grass, which does best in the shade, and shall try the experiment of a continuous sod.

The trees planted to renew the old ones will be allowed to grow with low spreading tops to facilitate the gathering of the fruit. Low branches will also render the fruit less liable to be blown off, which is an important item, as it will save a considerable percentage of loss. I do not believe in digging up old stumps when young trees are to be planted in their places. I prefer to plant the young tree by the side of the stump, as this affords a protection to it, keeps the ground mellow and moist by its decay, and also furnishes food for it. We hold that there is no more natural support for the tree than a tree or its equivalent—a stump. The proof of this is found in forests, where young trees are found growing rapidly on stumps and decaying logs. It is more attractive to see a young, thrifty tree growing with a future prospect of good fruit than an old one, unsightly and unprofitable. Young trees convey the impression of profit, while old ones suggest loss.—*Col. F. D. Curtis, in Rural New Yorker.*

State and Provincial Agricultural Fairs.

American Institute, New York	Sept. 14, Nov. 21
Arkansas Little Rock	Oct. 17, 22
Canadian, Toronto, Ont	Sept. 5, Oct. 4, 6
Canada Dominion, Halifax, N. S	Sept. 21, 30
Chicago, Chicago	Sept. 7, Oct. 22
Cincinnati Industrial, Cincinnati	Sept. 7, Oct. 8
Connecticut, Meriden	Sept. 20, 23
Cotton Exposition, Atlanta, Ga	Oct. 5, Dec. 31
Delaware, Dover	Sept. 25, Oct. 5
Georgia, Macon	Oct. 17, 22
Illinois, Peoria	Sept. 26, Oct. 1
Illinois Fat Stock, Chicago	Sept. 7, 12
Indiana, Indianapolis	Sept. 25 Oct. 1
Iowa, Des Moines	Sept. 5, 9
Kansas, Topeka	Sept. 12, 17
Kentucky, Lexington	Aug. 31, Sept. 3
Maine, Lewiston	Sept. 6, 9
Maryland, Baltimore	Sept. 29, 30
Massachusetts Horticult'l, Boston	Sept. 13, 16
Michigan, Jackson	Sept. 19, 23
Minnesota, Rochester	Sept. 5, 10
Minn Ag & Mech Asso, Minneapolis	Sept. 5, 9
Mississippi, Aberdeen	Oct. 11, 15
Mississippi Stock Br'd's, Meridan	Oct. 31, Nov. 5
Montana, Helena	Sept. 26, Oct. 1
National, Washington, D. C	Oct. 18, 26
Nebraska, Omaha	Sept. 12, 17
New England, Worcester, Mass	Sept. 6, 9
New Jersey, Waverly	Sept. 19, 23
N. J Cranberry Growers, Haddonfield	Aug. 30
New York, Elmira	Sept. 12, 17
New York Dairymen, Rome	Sept. 19, 23
North Carolina, Raleigh	Oct. 10, 15
Ohio, Columbus	Aug. 29, Sept. 2
Ontario Provincial, London	Sept. 21, 30
Pennsylvania, Pittsburg	Sept. 5, 17
Rhode Island, Cranston	Sept. 27, 30
St. Louis, St. Louis	Oct. 3, 8
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 8, 11
Texas, Austin	Oct. 18, 24
Vermont, Middlebury	Sept. 13, 16
Virginia, Richmond	Oct. 17, 27
West Virginia, Wheeling	Oct. 3, 8
West Virginia Central, Clarksburg	Sept. 6, 8
Wisconsin, Fond du Lac	Sept. 25, 30

Drainage.

The Drainage Journal says: Some enterprising tile manufacturers select careful farmers who own flat lands, and make them something like the following proposition: That the farmer make a careful estimate of his average crops, and the tile manufacturer proposes to furnish the tile necessary to drain thoroughly the land designated in the agreement, the farmer to furnish the labor of putting in the drains at a stipulated price, to be paid out of the excess of crops grown on the land over and above the average yield before agreed upon, and the tile manufacturer agreeing take the balance of the increase in four or five crops (as agreed) to cover the cost of the tile. On level lands where the average crop in five years runs low and the land by nature is rich, it is a safe proposition for the tile manufacturer if the farmer honestly performs his part of the contract. On rich level lands that need drainage, and need it badly, it will pay twenty five per cent. annually on the investment, and in some instances more.

A Huge Turtle of a Rare Species.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—An immense turtle was towed to the dock opposite the Fulton Market yesterday. It had been caught by the crew of a fishing steamer after two days' struggle. The turtle is about nine feet long and weighs probably 2,000 pounds. It is known as a lyre turtle from the peculiar shape and from the marks on the top shell, which, so says the fable, suggested to Apollo the form of his harp. The flesh of the lyre turtle is poisonous.

Mr. A. W. Roberts, a writer on ichthyology, says that turtles of this species are very rare, and none have been on exhibition for many years. A fine specimen was burned at the fire in Barnum's Museum in this City.

The Howe Scale Co. enlarged the works twice last year to meet the demand. Borden, Selleck Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

SIBERIAN PLAGUE.

The Disease that Has Appeared in Several Provinces of Russia.

Its History and Nature—Known in Pharaoh's Time.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—The Times says: Intelligence reaches us from St. Petersburg that the disease known as the "Siberian plague" has appeared in several provinces of the Russian Empire, and that in villages in the St. Petersburg district and along the Warsaw line it has already occasioned great fatality among cattle and horses, as well as many deaths among the human inhabitants. The disease in question is not to be confounded with the dreaded bubonic plague of the East because of the similarity of the names they have received. Although not dissimilar in several of their grosser characteristics, the diseases are entirely distinct, and the one now prevalent differs from the other in the all important feature that it never, in the true sense of the term, becomes epidemic so far as the human race is concerned. Notwithstanding that a good deal of mystery has always surrounded and still surrounds the disease, the "Siberian plague" may now, indeed, be said to have been fairly identified with that malady, itself little known, and hitherto thought to be of most rare occurrence, in man, which medical writers are accustomed to speak of as "anthrax," and which, occurring in sheep and cattle, veterinarians usually designate by the term "splenic fever;" or, to carry its identification back to the ages of antiquity, it is the same disease, so medical historians tell us, as that which constituted one of the plagues from which the Egyptians and their cattle suffered at the time of Pharaoh—a plague described in Exodus as a "grievous murrain," and as a "boil breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast."

The historical interest that thus surrounds the disease is, however, considerably eclipsed as we come to learn more of its modern history. The epizootic prevalence of anthrax is still, as in the time of Pharoah, not uncommon among the flocks and herds, especially of sheep and goats and camels, of Eastern Europe and Asia, and that it should be so is certainly no matter for congratulation to us, as it was to the Israelites of old, but, on the contrary, is one, as recent research shows, of anxious concern. For the great bulk of the wool and hair of these Eastern animals is imported into England; and, since the fleeces of the dead and diseased are not excluded, it has resulted that both men and animals on English soil have, and not seldom, been infected with what in Russia is known as the "Siberian plague." The West Riding of Yorkshire receives, for the purpose of the worsted manufacture, by far the greater portion of the material in question, and it appears that for many years a disquieting conviction has prevailed among the men who have the first handling of it there—*i. e.*, the sorters of the wool—that a mysterious and rapidly fatal malady was peculiar to and resulting from their occupation. So alarmed have these men at times become on the occurrence of an unusual number of suspected cases of the disease among them that they have refused to work upon foreign wool; and their belief in the source of their troubles has been so far countenanced by the medical profession of the district that there a new name in medical nomenclature is current, namely, the "wool sorter's disease."

In the Spring of 1880, owing to the continued prevalence and fatality of this disease, and its nature being still undetermined, a medical inquiry on behalf of the Local Government Board was ordered; and the report of Mr. Spear, the Inspector who had the conduct of the inquiry, has now been issued. The "wool-sorters' disease" proves to be an anthrax, or, in other words, this Siberian plague. It has its origin in a low parasitic organism, discoverable under high powers of the miscroscope, and of vegetable nature—which, when introduced into the blood of a living animal, often develops so rapidly and with such lamical effects on the life stream that death ensues even within a few hours. The organism itself—the *Bacillus anthracis*, as it is named—soon dies upon its removal from living blood or other media favorable to its nutrition, but its spore or germ may, in ordinary circumstances, retain vitality and power of development for an indefinite time; and this it happens, doubtless, that fleeces and hides of diseased animals retain the poison, and that the latter gaining access to the blood of living animals, unfolds anew its full activity.

Fortunately, the human subject, as has been said, does not possess great susceptibility to this infection, for anthrax is a disease essentially of the lower animals. In man it has only hitherto been met with in sporadic cases, and among those coming into intimate contact with infected matter. Nevertheless, it has caused considerable fatality among the wool sorters, and since there are numerous ways in which infected material may be conveyed beyond the factories where the wool is used, and even to distant parts of the country (the bags in which the wool has reached England are, for example, sold, often unwashed, for upholstering and other purposes), it may be questioned whether many of the obscure and often rapidly fatal cases of blood poisoning that occur from time to time among the general population do not owe their origin to this poison.

THE CHEROKEE NATION.

An Election—Applicants for Citizenship Must Prove Their Claims.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 4.—At the election held in Cherokee Nation 17 members of the Grand and 40 members of the National Councils were chosen. There were also elected a Sheriff, Clerk, Solicitor, and Judge for each district in the Nation. Two tickets were in the field,—the "Union" and the "National,"—and it is understood that the candidates chosen are about equally divided between them. They lucky candidates hold office for two years, beginning the 1st of November.

Applicants for Cherokee citizenship have been notified to appear before the Commission of Citizenship, which meets at Talequaho on the 1st day of September, and prove their claims, or their names will be dropped from the docket and they themselves treated as intruders.

COLORADO.

Establishment of Immense Steel Works.

DENVER, Aug. 4.—The blast furnace of the South Pueblo Steel Works will be ready to blow in about three weeks. The works cost over $1,000,000. The company will be ready to turn out steel rails by next December. They already have contracted to furnish the Denver & Rio Grande Company with 30,000 steel rails for their extensions. This will be about the capacity of the works for the first year. This is the first and only steel works established in Colorado, and is looked upon as quite an era in its history. As evidence of the stimulus given South Pueblo by those works the company has sold lots to the value of over $100,000 since the beginning of the year. The company owns several iron mines near the Placer and South Arkansas, to which tracks will be extended by the railroad company. The works will be one of the largest in the country, and the ore they will use is said to be equal to the Lake Superior deposit in purity and for the manufacture of Bessemere steel.

Its Action is Sure and Safe.

The celebrated remedy Kidney-Wort can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated, and will act with equal efficiency in either case. Be sure and read the new advertisement for particulars.—*South and West.*

KEENE'S GREAT SCHEME.

The Particulars Concerning His Proposed New Telegraph Line.

It Will Extend from Ocean to Ocean, and Enable Every Business House to Communicate with Other Houses.

BOSTON, Aug. 3.—Jim Keene declares that within a year and a half he will complete telegraph lines across the continent, communicating with the ocean cables, and connecting all the leading towns and cities in the United States, Canada and Mexico. He calls his enterprise the Postal Telegraph Company, and says that it will transact a distinctively commercial business, whereby commercial, financial and other parties may communicate directly and promptly with each other without interruption, and without the knowledge of any officer or employe of the company, and on the longest circuits. To accomplish all this a couple of slumbering inventions will be employed—one known as Gray's harmonic multiple and way-duplex system and the other as the Leggo automatic and autograph system. The advantages which are claimed for Gray's system are that it converts one wire effectively into six or more wires, allowing half a dozen messages to be sent on a single wire, simultaneously going in one direction or in opposite directions, thus practically increasing the number of wires without the cost of maintenance. It embraces also a way-duplex system, by means of which any number of stations on the line may communicate with each other on a single wire on which through business is being simultaneously done. Lines, it is held, cannot be tapped on any of the multiples between the sending and receiving stations, and no fundamental feature of the system is dependent on Page or existing patents. It is claimed that this invention will save to the company at least $3,000,000 in construction and an equal sum in the maintenance of wires. The advantages of Leggo's system, claimed by both the inventor and Mr. Keene, are that he will transmit automatically on single wire any number of words up to 2,000 or more per minute, thus giving a single wire the capacity of 10 quadruplex wires, worked by hand. It can transmit messages automatically on a single wire, and receive them automatically at the end of the circuit, and retransmit them automatically at the same speed over any number of circuits, all from a single setting or single instrument, securing immediate delivery over any number of circuits, and saving more than one half of the operating expenses where messages are transmitted. It enables any number of local offices in the city to transmit messages by ordinary hand methods to the central office by wire, where they may be received on an automatic instrument, ready for instant and rapid transmission. It will enable commercial and financial houses to prepare their messages in their own offices, and send them instantly to their corresponding house, at any distant point, without the intervention or knowledge of the company's agents or employes, and it will transmit the exact handwriting of the writer, the message delivering a perfect fac simile at the opposite end of the line. This dispenses with operators entirely, the writer being both sending and receiving operator, the transmitting operation being mechanical and automatic, wholly without error, and preventing fraud by forgery. Concerning the postal feature of the enterprise, Mr. Keene says it will supply a distinctive postal telegraphic system by which long messages, letters, etc. will be received and delivered through the Postoffice and sent over the wires. These messages will be delivered through the Postoffice in cities having a delivery system, and to remote points from the lines by posting at the receiving office. For this purpose the company will issue postal telegraph stamps at uniform low rates for messages of a given number of words and multiples thereof. The company already own the only compound factory in the country, the present daily profits of which are claimed to be $2,000.

A BOY'S PITIFUL DEATH.

Starved and Sickened Through Fidelity to a Drunken Father.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—James Burns, nine years of age, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at the house of James Irving, at 398 Kent avenue, Brooklyn, under peculiar distressing circumstances. John Burns, the father of the dead boy, left his wife about a month ago, since which time he has had no settled abode. The boy was the companion of his misfortunes, and wandered with him about the City during the day, the two sleeping together at night in an unoccupied stable at Park and Vanderbilt avenues. The father's only anxiety seemed to be to satisfy his craving for drink, and the boy was a frequent sufferer from hunger. The vagabondish life undermined his health, and for the past three or four days he was almost too weak to move about.

Yesterday morning the father awoke from a drunken stupor in the stable, and finding the boy in a faint condition, brought him to a saloon in Kent avenue, where he received kind attention. Until 3 o'clock in the afternoon Burns tramped around the city, when he called at 398 Kent avenue and asked James Irving, one of the occupants of the house, to allow his son to remain there while he went out to summon a physician. The request was granted, and Mr Irving made the poor lad as comfortable as possible. It was evident that the boy was in a very critical condition, but it was not expected that the end of his miserable existence was so near as it proved to be, for he died while Mr. Irving was awaiting the return of his father, who came back an hour and a half afterward in an intoxicated condition.

Capt. Willmarth, of the Myrtle avenue police station was notified, and by his directions Burns was locked up, and will be held pending an investigation by the Coroner. Before abandoning his wife Burns had a shoemaker's shop in Hudson avenue, near Tillary street.

Seven Men Struck by Lightning.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 2.—Last evening, during the prevalence of a terrific thunder storm, seven young men, ranging from 18 to 25 years of age, named Joseph Stillwagon, Joseph Bush, George Murphy, three sons of Henry Lane and a colored boy, sought shelter under a tree, in Tyrone Township, Fayette County. Suddenly a bolt of lightning struck the tree, ran down its trunk, stripping it completely of its bark. Stillwagon was standing with his back to the tree, and the lightning struck him on the head, passed down over and into his breast, and burning a red swath all the way, and knocking him insensible. Bush, who was sitting on the grass, was struck on the leg and is unable to walk. Morgan Lane was struck on the head and rendered unconscious. On his shoulder was plainly delineated a perfect representation of the tree burned into the flesh. The remainder of the boys were more or less shocked or stunned, but not seriously injured.

A Vicious Lad.

WABASH, Ind., Aug. 4.—Burt Anthony, a lad of 11 years, was arrested here to-day for turning a switch wrong at the connection of the Wabash and C., W. & M. Railways on Thursday night last. He did it in the middle of the night. A terrible accident might have resulted only for the keen eye of the engineer. Anthony is held in bonds of $1,000.

Infernal Machines.

SIOUX CITY, Aug. 4.—John Brennan, late President of the Order of United Irishmen, says the matter of sending infernal machines to England was never considered at any public meeting which he attended, and no such proposition was ever adopted at any private meeting which he ever attended.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

Mr. Holland's Statement About His Mysterious Ram.

It Does Not Belong to the Fenians, the Skirmishers or O'Donovan Rossa.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 2.—Mr. Holland, the inventor of the torpedo boat, was met by your correspondent at the Market Street depot this morning on his return from Philadelphia. Your correspondent at once plied him with questions regarding the torpedo boat.

"Is it a Fenian monitor?"

"No, sir; it isn't," said Mr. Holland. "It doesn't belong to the Fenians nor the skirmishers, nor has O'Donovan Rossa anything to do with it.

"Are you acquainted with O'Donovan Rossa?"

"I know him. I met him three or four times in 1876 and 1877, and once in 1879, when he failed to recognize me, although I passed him in the hallway of a friend's house."

"Was there no understanding between you," said the correspondent, "in regard to the uses this torpedo boat is to be put to?"

"Nothing of the kind," responded Mr. Holland. "The first I ever heard of such a thing I read in to-day's Star."

"Why did O'Donovan Rossa fail to recognize you?"

Here Mr Holland put his forefinger on his chin with a smile, and turned his eyes up as if measuring the distance between his glasses and his hat.

"I am not now," said he, "nor never have been connected with the Fenians, but I am a Land Leaguer. My machine is about as near to perfection as possible, but without going into any further details, I will state this: I am going away to-morrow and will be gone for a week, and, at the expiration of that time, I will return, and things will look better in the light I will then place them in."

"Will you state where you are going?" inquired the reporter.

"No. I don't want to state that just now."

"What is to be done with the boat?"

"That I don't prefer to state at present."

"Who furnished the funds for building it?"

"Now you will have everything in a week's time. I cannot say any more just now."

Then Mr. Holland, as if afraid of further catachising hurried away.

NO COMIC SIDE TO THE INFERNAL MACHINE STORY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—The United States authorities do not accept Mr. O'Donovan Rossa's latest explanation of the infernal machine business—namely, that the whole thing is a hoax, gotten up by an ingenious Irishman, who had six machines manufactured at a cost of $40 each, and subsequently concocted the story of an awful conspiracy, to divulge which he was paid the sum of $10,000 by the British Consul.

At the office of the latter it is said that it is too late to attempt to give the affair a comic turn like this, inasmuch as the United States Marshal and Custom Authorities here are already in possession of information which can not be explained away in that manner; that information can not be made public at present for obvious reasons, but when all the facts come out it will be found to be no laughing matter.

TERRIBLY STABBED.

A New York Man Cut With a Dagger by a Thief.

NEW YORK, Aug 3.—Daniel Shea, of No. 9 Mulberry street, was assaulted by three thieves to-day at his own threshold and almost cut to pieces with a dagger. It appears that the thieves had broken into Shea's rooms for the purpose of robbery. Mrs. Shea, who was the only one there, made out to cry, which was heard by the neighbors. Word was conveyed to Shea, who was not far away, and he started for the house. At the street door he met the thieves and seized the first. The thief, with an oath, attempted to shake him off, but failing, drew a long knife and plunged it into Shea's body. His companions tugged at his victim, endeavoring to free the villain from his grasp, but he held bravely on, his shouts for help mingling with cries of pain as the knife was plunged again and again into his body by the merciless ruffian. At the sixth blow, that buried the dagger in his side to the hilt, Shea sank exhausted to the sidewalk, but so determined was his grasp that the murderer, as he shook off his half-insensible burden and fled, left one of the sleeves of his blue flannel shirt in his victim's hand. The three thieves fled together, but soon separated, the man with the knife running alone up Mulberry street, pursued by a large crowd and police. He was soon captured. The wounded man was taken with the prisoner to the police station, where the latter was identified by the victim. A surgeon dressed Shea's wounds, which are six in number, each deep and dangerous, and the man's chances for life are few. He was hastened to the hospital. If anything was missing to confirm the murderer's guilt his sleeveless arm and missing sleeve yet held firmly by his victim, furnished proof. He gave his name as James A. Wells, aged 23, a plumber. He was committed to await the result of Shea's injuries. Detectives are looking for the two accomplices who escaped.

BROOKLYN REJOICES.

A Postponed Fourth of July.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Mayor Howell, of Brooklyn, decided there should be a day of rejoicing when it was found that Pres. Garfield was convalescent, and that the Fourth of July exhibition of fireworks, postponed in consequence of the attempted assassination, should be given at different places fixed upon by the committee having the matter in charge. To-day, in accordance with the wishes of the Mayor, the citizens of Brooklyn are showing their gratitude at the President's escape by draping their dwellings with flags and bunting, for which there has been a great demand. Public buildings, especially the City Hall, Court House and municipal buildings, have been handsomely decorated, and on every hand are indications of rejoicing. In all public departments the offices closed at noon, and business was suspended. The display of fireworks in the evening was on a grand scale, and the City Hall was brilliantly illuminated.

REVOLVERS DRAWN IN A TRAIN.

An Attempt to Take two Prisoners from Constables in New Jersey.

HACKENSACK, Aug 5.—George Weidenfeld and August Marchens were arrested at Passaic this morning by Chief of Police Oldis and Constable Conklin on a charge of assaulting Minnie Eisley, aged 13, of Carlstadt, on the Paterson plank road. The prisoners were taken in charge by Chief Oldis and Constable Conklin of Passaic, and Constable Herman of Bergen County, who started on an Erie train for Rutherford. After the train left Passaic, a number of passengers learned the charge against the prisoners, and attempted to take them from the officials. Revolvers were drawn on both sides. Timid passengers rushed from the car, and the wildest excitement prevailed. The bold front of Chief Oldis and his assistants kept the assailants at bay, and the prisoners were removed from the train in safety.

After a hearing before Justice McGrane of Corlstadt, Weidenfeld was committed to Hackensack jail, and Marchens was released for want of evidence.

What It Is to be an Umpire.

Boston Post.

The man who was decided upon as umpire of a brass band contest in which 124 bands participated, had a fleet horse ready and mounted it and fled the minute he had announced the award, thus escaping being tarred and feathered and dragged through a swamp. He knew his business.

A STRANGE SECT.

A New Church Society Established at Charlotte, Mich.

"The Living Church of God"—Dissenters from All Other Denominations.

CHARLOTTE, Aug. 5.—A new church society has been established in this county, which is the first of the kind in the United States. The membership is composed of dissenters from all other denominations, and now comprise 320 followers. They call themselves "The Living Church of God." Their code of belief embraces some striking peculiarities. The manner of life prescribed is one of simplicity. The church services are performed with all the form and ceremony of an Episcopal service. New members are installed by a regularly prescribed order of exercises, not unlike the form adopted by some secret societies, from which it is evidently taken. After the installation they are called the "chosen," and some very grave secrets are imparted, pertaining to the near approach of the end of the world. Twelve of the chosen are now at work upon a bible which they expect to present to the consideration of a special delegation of 100 members in this city in about two months. The book will contain the articles of faith of the society, and is not for distribution outside the families of the "Living Church of God."

Their "holy" days, on which they fast, are numerous and rigorously observed. They have two days of rest each week, observing both Saturday and Sunday. The members are at liberty to keep Saturday or Sunday, or both, as they feel inclined. Their elders, or preachers, receive no pay, but are provided for by the church by a regular fund for that purpose. They never marry but once, and separation of husband and wife is impossible. The difficulties, domestic and politic, are adjusted by the 12 elders, from whose decision there is no appeal. The property is, to a great extent, held in common, but every member to become entitled to a pro rata in the general property, must be worth $2,700 in his own name. The members borrow no money outside their own faith, and the only rate of interest is 6 per cent. to members of the Church. They do not baptise, the installation service taking the place of that ceremony. They believe very sparingly in the New Testament but adopt the Old. The men wear their hair short, with faces close shaven. The women wear their hair long and never confined, hanging loosely down the back.

There has been a proposition to move west and start a colony where they can all live together. At present the "chosen" are scattered about the country, and are finding it hard to retain holy doctrines in close contact with the unregenerated.

POLITICS IN DOG DAYS.

VIRGINIA DEMOCRACY.

RICHMOND, Aug. 4.—After recess several delegates reported and committees were formed. There was then another recess.

Upon reassembling, the Committee on Permanent Organization made a report, and Thomas S. Bisbcock was made President. Recess till 8.

At the evening session the Committee on Platform made a report. It made a declaration of principles, among which were equal justice to all, special privileges to none; elections free from force and fraud of citizens, or of military or civil officers of the Government; support of State Governments in all their rights as the most competent administrator over domestic concerns, and the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies; preservation of the General Government as the sheet anchor of peace at home and safety abroad; condemning repudiation in every form; that the State debt be unified so that equity may control the annual payment of interest and redemption of principal; favoring a settlement upon the basis of 3 per cent. bonds; declares against raising the rate of taxation, and in favor of upholding the public school system. The report closed with a specific denial that the party was opposed to a free ballot and fair count. The report was received with applause and unanimously adopted.

The following resolution, offered by Gen. Taliferro, was adopted by a unanimous vote, amid enthusiastic display of feeling:

Resolved, That in common with all good citizens of the Union, we reflect with deep abhorrence upon the crime of the man who aimed a blow at the life of the eminent citizen who was called by the constitutional voice of 50,000,000 of people to be the President of the United States; and we tender to him and to his family the sympathy and respect of this Convention, and of those we represent, in this great calamity and our heartfelt desire for his complete restoration to health and return to the discharge of his important duties for the welfare and honor of our common country."

Candidates for nomination for Governor were then presented, as follows: John Goode, Gen Fitz Hugh Lee, Gen James A. Walker, (now Lieutenant Governor.)

The ballot resulted: Goode, 171; Lee, 239; Walker, 184; John W. Daniels, 20; P. W. McKinny, 12; James Barbour, 7; W. R. Staples, 3; scattering, 8. Whole number of votes cast, 641; necessary to a choice 321.

John W. Daniels was then formally named as a candidate for nomination.

Before the call of the roll on the second ballot was finished it became evident that Daniels would get a majority, and the names of Goode and Walker were withdrawn, and Daniels' nomination made unanimous, amid great applause. Adjourned until to-morrow.

RICHMOND, Aug. 5.—The Convention nominated P. W. McKinney, for Attorney General and adjourned sine die.

NO MORE COALITION IN MAINE

LEWISTON, Aug. 4.—At the second Congressional District Democratic Convention, after temporary organization, Gov. Garcelon made a speech advising the indorsement of Washington Gilbert, Greenback candidate, or adjournment without making a nomination. He had the pledge of Gilbert, if the Greenbackers assisted the Republicans in the organization of the House, that he would resign. The Convention refused to adopt either course, and after a permanent organization, Franklin Reed was nominated by acclamation.

The Boy Who was Missed with $14,000.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—James Fitzpatrick, the messenger for Matthiessen & Wiechers, the sugar refiners of Jersey City, who was missed on Monday night after making collections for the firm in this City amounting to $14,000, returned to his home in Jersey City at a late hour in the evening. He gave as a reason for his absence that two men had been following him about, and that in order to get away from them he boarded an elevated railroad train and rode to Harlem, where he remained until after dark. Mr. Matthiessen did not believe the boy's story, and discharged him from his employ. Fitzpatrick is 15 years of age, and was working in the place of his brother, who is on a vacation. Mr. Matthiessen believes that he tried to negotiate the checks he had collected and, failing, returned home. He delivered up all the checks.

Desperate Thieves.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 3.—Thieves stole $200 worth of goods from Hendrickson & McClure's hardware store at McKeesport, Sunday night. To day McClure traced the goods, secured four officers and surrounded the thieves' den, when the latter opened fire on the officers. McClure was riddled with three balls, and fell dead instantly; one officer was badly shot, will surely die; two other officers are seriously wounded. One officer escaped. Nearly 200 people are now on the track of the thieves and murderers.

THE ARKANSAS WAR.

The Militia Make Some Arrests and Preparing to Make More.

The Excitement Dying Out—History of the Troubles.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 5.—The Gazette's special from Perryville says the first step to execute the laws resulted in the arrest of Payton and Isom, on a warrant sworn out by Judge Harris, charging them with the assassination of Mat

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Jim Fisk's widow is said to be living in Boston in extreme poverty.

For his weekly essays in Figaro, Zola receives 25 000 francs a year.

"The O'Donoghue," member of Parliament from Tralee, Ireland, is bankrupt.

Dr Hamilton states positively that the President never had the symptoms of pyemia.

Francis H. Humphreys, clerk in the Harlem Branch Post office, was arrested for robbing the mails.

The Papal nuncio at Paris is ordered not to actively participate in the forthcoming French elections.

The Chicago Inter Oceans figures out that Jay Gould owns 7 000 miles of railroad, valued at $140 000 000.

Four hundred laborers in the City of Cork have been led to strike by the appeals of the agricultural workers.

Montreal bakers have increased the price of 4-pound loaves two cents, on account of the high price of flour

A stay of proceedings has been granted in the case of Marvin Flanagan, condemned to hang at Buffalo on the 12th inst.

During the past fiscal year $135,229,902 were collected by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and paid into the Treasury.

The amount of tax collected on spirits last year was $67,153,974, an increase of nearly $6 000,000 over that of the previous year.

The French Charge d'Affaires has had an audience with the Sultan, and reassuring declarations in regard to Tripoli were exchanged.

A Turkish irade is promulgated appointing a commission to regulate the taxes, and to come to an understanding with the Turkish bondholders.

Lawton B. Evans, of Atlanta, 18 years of age, is the youngest Master of Arts in the country. He received the degree from the State University at Athens.

Comptroller Knox has accepted an invitation to deliver an address before the American Bankers' Association during its session at Niagara Falls on the 10th inst.

Dr. Tschmyntis, a Greek "crank" at Washington has been arrested by Government detectives on the charge of sending threatening letters to Attorney General McVeagh.

The amount of building in Cincinnati is more than double that of any year in the history of the City. The supply of labor and materials is not nearly equal to the demand.

The Morning *Post* says: England and Italy have resolved to send two more ironclads to Tunis to protect their respective subjects owing to the persistent complaints of residents.

W. H. Eccles Chief of the fire department of Wheeling, has instituted suit against the Daily Register for $15,000 damages for alleged slanderous publications concerning his official acts.

The recent census of Canada shows the population of Montreal to be 140 802; Toronto, 86 445; Quebec, 62,447; Halifax, N. S., 36,102; Hamilton, Ont., 35,961; St. John, N. B., 26,188; Ottawa, 24,167.

At Marion, Ala., A. King, ex-Marshal of Marion, on entering his gate early this morning had six shots fired at him. His body was riddled with bullets and death was instantaneous. Six negroes have been arrested.

The list of railway enterprises on foot in the Republic of Mexico shows that every part of the country, excepting the peninsula of Lower California, will be provided with rail communication, if they are all built.

A farmer near Redwood Falls, Minn., who had 200 head of sheep that were greatly annoyed by wolves, finally hit upon the plan of having a burning lantern at night in his sheep pen, and thereafter his sheep were not disturbed.

Liverpool is to be supplied with water from the mountains of Wales. The scheme is to create an artificial lake one mile wide and five miles long for a reservoir, then to tunnel a mountain two miles, and send the water to Liverpool.

The election in the Territory of Utah on Monday for members of the Territorial Legislature, was a very quiet affair, notwithstanding both Mormons and Gentiles had each full tickets in the field. The Mormons were victorious, as usual.

Gov. Hamilton, of Maryland, has begun investigation of incompetency and misconduct against seven registers of election of Baltimore. The impeached registers are Democrats, and the investigation is regarded as the outgrowth of the Democratic faction fight.

The Bey has lost all authority in Tunis, and the French garrison is little better off. English, Italian, and even French subjects are complaining of the reign of lawlessness and plunder, and are applying to their respective governments for protection.

Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, having addressed the priests and faithful of Paris in a pastoral on the recent riots in Rome, couched in even more violent terms than those employed in his recent letter to the Pope, Italy has called attention to the fact.

Sadik Mahmoud, who was arrested at Constantinople by the French Consul, and on whose person was found documents revealing the existence of a vast Moslem conspiracy against the French in Africa, has been taken aboard a French man of war, and will be sent to Paris for trial.

A Middletown girl placed some nearly hatched duck's eggs in her bosom, and thus helped a brood of young ducks into the world. Young men in that region will do well to omit, in the interests of the poultry crop, their usual Saturday evening embraces until after the hatching season.

On a Coney Island veranda, the other day, 300 or more Brooklyn gentlemen were promenading with as many Brooklyn ladies when some wag yelled, "Look out, your wife's coming." Thirteen couples continued their promenade. The others slid around the back way and took the first train home.

Dispatches from Sturgeon Bay, Wis., say that the northern part of that peninsula has been considerably damaged by forest fires. It was believed that Monday's rains would stop the flames, but they are raging now harder than ever, running through cut and uncut timber, and threatening immense damage.

Mrs. C. C Steele, a sister of ex-Sen. Roscoe Conkling, completed her 12th year of service in the Searcher's Department of the New York Custom House on Saturday. She has charge of the female searchers for contraband goods on the Cunard and other docks, and is located in Jersey City

Cracker bakers from all over the country held a convention at Chicago and a Western association was organized, Nelson Blake, Chicago, President; L. Dossler, St. Louis, Vice President, and Persin Langdon, Cincinnati, Secretary and Treasurer A price list was adopted, which will probably be ratified.

The will of the late T. C. Riley, of Buffalo, makes the following public bequests: The Young Men's Christian Association gets $10 000, the Church Charity Foundation, the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, the Buffalo Historical Society, the Fine Arts Academy and the Buffalo Orphan Asylum are given from $5 000 to $10 000 apiece, the total amount being $60,000.

Ex-Gov. C. C. Washburn, who is now in Europe, has ordered a meridian circle from Repsold & Sons of Hamburg, for the Washburn Observatory at Madison Wis. It will take them about one year to complete it, and when it is done and mounted Mr. Washburn's work, as far as the observatory is concerned, will be done. Mr. Washburn intends to return home early in the Fall His health he reports much improved.

The Louisiana orange crop is said to be a failure.

Dr. Tanner is talking of entering on a 95 days' fast.

Prof. Huxley has an income of about $10,000 a year.

Countess D'Eu, daughter of Dom Pedro, rejoices in a son.

Sen. Lamar's physician forbids him to take the stump this year.

An Italian iron clad has been sent to Sfax to protect Italian subjects

The majority against prohibition in North Carolina will reach 60 000.

The wheat crop is almost an entire failure in the Tuscarawas Valley.

Sing Sing prison reports a net profit of $4,029 63 for the month of July.

John Dillon has been released, much to the surprise of himself and friends.

An elephant belonging to a menagerie died of heat in an Iowa railroad car.

The National Carpenters' and Joiners' Convention is in session at Chicago.

The late ex-Gov Saulsbury, of Delaware, left an estate valued at $50 000.

Henry Villard has given Oregon State University $7,000 to relieve its indebtedness.

Vennor predicts cold weather and frosts from the 15th to the 20th of August.

Admiral Porter will have command of the naval vessels which will assemble at Yorktown.

There were 4 378 deaths in New York City in July, an increase of 891 over July, 1880.

The failure of J. C. Comstock & Co., of Chicago, is stated to be for $100,000 to $125 000.

The aggregate real and personal property in the United States is valued at $70,000,000,000.

Gen. Skobeleff, the hero of Plevna and other hard-fought Russian battles, is living in retirement in Paris.

The Governor of Massachusetts receives a salary of $4,000. That of the Mayor of Boston is $5,000.

Farmers in the vicinity of Louisville are in despair. No rain of consequence has fallen since the 14th of July.

Peter Cooper has spent $1,500,000 on the Cooper Institute in New York, and will put $60,000 more into it this year.

Another plot to assassinate the Czar has been discovered. Sixty persons, some of them high in rank, are involved.

The Oneida Community is gradually breaking up, and several of its prominent members are soon to depart for California.

Lyon Playfair, Deputy Speaker of the British House of Commons, expects to sail for the United States on August 15th.

The statement relative to the proposed dispatch of 50,000 French troops to Africa before October is semi-officially denied.

It is reported that ex-Sen. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, has retired from politics, and will engage in coal mining enterprises.

Justice Stanley Matthews will be invited to address the New York State Bar Association at the September meeting in Albany.

A party of coon-hunters in East Fallowfield Township, Chester County, Pa., found nine of the varmints in one big gum tree.

Blanton Duncan owns 2,300 acres of Texas land, and wants to pay emigrants $13 a month, with board, to put a fence around the tract.

A McKean County, Pennsylvania, physician, who desired to register under the new law, had practiced 20 years, but could not write his own name.

John Lord, of Union Village, Vt., celebrated his 99th birthday by a family reunion, July 31, and the old gentleman was as chipper and lively as a boy.

All the brewers in St. Louis, with the exception of four or five, have pledged themselves to restore the price of beer to $8 per barrel, commencing to day.

Gen. Robert Patterson died at his residence in Philadelphia, Sunday, aged 89. He had been suffering for several weeks from Bright's disease of the kidneys.

The Spiritualists are holding an immense camp meeting near Philadelphia. A brass band lends its attractions and slate-writing and test business mediums are thick.

George Wright was brutally murdered by two unknown men in a train between Salisbury and Glasgow, Mo., Saturday night. The murderers jumped from the train and escaped.

Sen. Voorhees gives a positive denial to the report that he will be a candidate for Governor in his opinion either Hendricks, McDonald or Gray will head the Democratic ticket.

The Superintendent of Emigration for South Carolina offers to find homes for 1 000 German families. The State pays the passage money, and each person is to get $10 a month and board.

The strike among the driver boys and slate pickers of the Susquehanna Coal Company, at Nanticake, continues. Two thousand miners and laborers are thus thrown out of employment.

A character known as "Old Tally" is about to make the third attempt to start a saloon in Oberlin. The people are watching him and will probably "persuade" him that it won't pay.

A dying thief was compassionately released from the Rhode Island State prison, and sent to pass his remaining days at home in Providence; but before his death he crawled out and robbed seven houses.

The London Lancet this week says: "It is to be remembered that unless Pres. Garfield's bullet causes local disturbance, it would not be in accordance with modern surgical practice to attempt its removal."

Prof. Tainter, who assisted in the electric search for the ball, is the first stranger who has seen the President since July 4, and he reports that the patient is terribly wasted and brought down. He says the appearance of the wan, pale face is pitiful.

The washerwomen of Atlanta, Ga., are on a strike for "a dollar a dozen" Women who dare to wash at less than the fixed rate are dragged from their houses and beaten. Steam laundries are being built to break down the "Washerwomen's Union."

A Calcutta correspondent says the latest reports from Mysore are unfavorable. Rain is much wanted; crops are withering and prices rising. The prospects are decidedly gloomy, and unless rain falls within a week a large portion of the crops will be lost.

A dispatch from Livermore, Cal., says John Taylor, a wealthy farmer, was killed by his son in law, John Poblitz. Poblitz had been so cruel to his wife that she left him and returned to her father. Poblitz went to Taylor's house and beat the old man to death with a club.

Louis Leblanc, a convict in the penitentiary near Montreal, spent 14 days in cutting a hole through a three foot wall into an empty cell, using a bit of iron from his bed. He then descended to the ground floor and jumped through a window to the yard, where he scaled a twenty-five-foot wall with a scantling torn from a shed.

Mr. James Stokes, one of the richest men in New York, died last week. He began business life as a clothier and tailor. When 24 years old he married a daughter of Anson G. Phelps, and soon thereafter was made a partner in the metal importing house of Phelps, Dodge & Co. He leaves an estate estimated at from $5,000 000 to $7,000,000.

At Davenport, Ia., the German American National Association of Teachers closed its four days' session Friday, by the election of the following officers: President, L. R. Klemm, of Cincinnati; Secretary, H. H. Ficke, of Cincinnati; Treasurer, G. H. Borger, of Cincinnati; Directors, I. Keller, of Milwaukee; H. Raab, of Belleville, Ills; Joseph Schenck, of Hoboken; W. S. Hallman, of Detroit; F. L. Soldon, of St. Louis; Const. Grebner, of Baltimore. Buffalo N. Y., was selected as the next place of meeting

The Cincinnati Commercial's one cent subscription to Capt. Cook now reaches over 30 000 names, and they are still coming in.

The slave trade is as prosperous in Northern Africa as ever. From 50,000 to 60,000 negros are brought every year to the Egyptian ports, and there reshipped.

Gen. Hancock has received an invitation from Sec. Lincoln to command the troops at the Yoratown celebration, and promises to make that feature of the ceremonies very impressive.

Henry Chance, a temperance orator well known as the Buckeye Broadaxe, died at Fremont, O., Saturday, at the age of 65. A generation ago he had a wide reputation in the Northwestern part of the State. He was the father of Hon. Mahlon Chance, late Consul to Nassau.

The cultivation of cotton is increasing in Virginia. It is grown in nearly every southern county, and the crop has crept up from nothing a few years ago to several thousand bales last season. The cultivation is likely to increase, since planters are becoming dissatisfied with tobacco which they say does not pay, and impoverishes the land.

The English authorities are about to place standard barometers at seaport towns. These instruments are cased in brass, blackened to resist the weather, and the cistern is wholly of metal. The tube is of strong glass, the scale enamelled, and the certificate of the Kew Observatory giving the index error is framed and glazed beside them.

Last week's deaths in Chicago outnumbered those of any previous week. The number was 527. The rate was 50 52 100 per 1,000 as against the normal rate of 18. The highest number ever recorded before was 452. The preceding week 334 people died, and the same week last year 221. The intense heat was the chief cause of the increased mortality.

A FLOOD,

Caused by the Bursting of a Rain Cloud, Sweeps Through Central City.

Rocks, Wagons and Animals Swept Along Like Feathers.

CHICAGO, August 9.—A Central City special says the most destructive flood in the history of the country occurred yesterday afternoon. At 2:40 a heavy storm cloud appeared, accompanied by almost incessant thunder and lightning. About 4 o'clock citizens were startled by an almost unearthly roar to the west, and almost instantly a volume of water between 4 and 5 feet came washing down Nevada and Eureka streets, taking everything by surprise. Heavy quartz teams standing in the streets were overturned and carried down the stream like feathers; rocks weighing 500 or 600 pounds were rolled along the streets like pebbles; animals and everything in the track of the flood were swept away in an incredible short time. The streets were cleared of people, everybody seeking shelter. During the flood large masses of debris were carried through the street at the rate of 15 miles an hour. The whole length of gulches from Nevadaville on one side and the head of Eureka on the other, presents to-night the most desolate scene imaginable. Roadways are entirely destroyed, in many places the ruts being five and six feet deep, and extending for hundreds of yards. The entire length for about three miles is strewn with debris of every kind. At the several points between Central and Black Hawk the debris is piled 25 feet high. Eureka street for a quarter of a mile is one mass of rocks and rubbish On Morn street four feet of sand is deposited. The flood was caused by the bursting of a rain cloud. The entire west part of the City is flooded.

The natural channel of the stream became dammed, turning the water into the streets.

The only loss of life known at present is that of Joe Gerry, whose body was found in the Black Hawk

The flood lasted but 20 minutes. The damage is estimated at about $50 000, sustained by the highways. A number of small houses were washed away, and many residences and stores flooded, and mud and sand deposited on floors and in cellars to the depth of several feet,

Advices from Idaho Springs say it was the severest storm ever felt.

Several houses in Virginia Canon were carried away. A six year-old girl was drowned.

Nearly all the railroad and country bridges between forks of the creek and Idaho were swept away. Nearly all the houses in the business part of the Town were flooded, and streets damaged. The damage in Idaho amounts to $20,000

It is estimated it will take 100 men 48 hours to repair the damage to railroad tracks between Idaho and Floyd Hill. No trains are expected to depart or arrive on the Central until late to morrow. Indications point to a stormy night.

RED HOT.

The Virginia Republican State Convention.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—The Evening Post's Lynchburg special says: The Republican State Convention, which is to assemble here to morrow, is attracting very general attention. All of the Republican leaders in the State are on the ground.

The Chairman of the State Committee (Cochran) has rented Holcombe Hall, in which the convention will meet. Anticipating a split, the Mahone Republicans have secured Redman Hall. It is thought that if the Straightouts make things too warm for them the Coalitionists will retire to the hall secured for them. It seems quite certain that those in favor of uniting with Sen. Mahone have the greatest number of more influential Republicans. The greater part of Government office-holders on the ground are in sympathy with that side in this fight. All of the indications point strongly to a split in the Convention. It matters not which side may secure control of that body, there is every reason to believe that Wickham's friends will put a ticket in the field.

A Child Burned by Lightning.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 8.—A most remarkable disaster by lightning occurred at Ashley, a suburb of this City. There were a few clouds in the sky at the time and no signs of a storm, except far off to the west, where a few 'thunder heads' were visible. No rain was falling, and the atmosphere was close and extremely hot. Cora Deardorn four years old, was standing near a window on the southerly side of her residence, drinking a glass of root beer. The window was raised about 10 inches from the sill and the child stood about a foot from it. Suddenly a loud report was heard and the little girl was sent flying across the room. Her mother, who was in an other apartment ran to her aid and raised her from the floor. The long, flowing hair of the child was in flames, which her mother soon extinguished by wrapping her apron about the head of the sufferer. A physician was subsequently called and it was found that her neck was encircled with a huge blister, her face burned in several places and her hands badly injured. The shock to the child's system was terrible, but it is thought that no fatal results will follow. The bolt seemed to come from a clear sky, as no more thunder was heard until to night at 8 o'clock.

Fatal Result of Playing Doctor.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—An officer started to night for Cincinnati to capture, if possible, Henry Bremer, a cigar manufacturer, charged with causing the death by malpractice of John Getchey, a saloon keeper of Hoboken, N. J. Bremer professed to be able to cure Getchey of a wound he had received 19 years ago, and performed an operation. At the end of 10 days Getchey's leg had swollen so badly that a physician was summoned. The physician said the blood had been poisoned, and Getchey died next day.

MORE INFERNAL CONTRIVANCES.

Dynamite Bricks—Death-Dealing Machines that May be Carried in a Hat.

Destruction for British Cities and Wayfarers.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 9.—There is an old stone building on Tenth and Washington avenue. It has stood there for years and years, and the soot and dust have settled upon the rugged walls and made them black and gloomy. The glass in the windows where it is not broken is also black, and its whole outside appearance is that of a prison. It is a place which suggests a feeling of awe—a place where desperate men might meet at the midnight hour and make their plans for desperate deeds. The building is now occupied as a machine shop. A Republican reporter happened along that way yesterday afternoon and loozed in at the machinists at work. He saw two men there whom he he knew. They were two Land Leaguers. Both gentlemen were working on the same piece, a ponderous machine of oak and steel.

"We're getting up," said one, "a machine. This machine is destined to make way for the traveling New Zealander and when it is all built and shipped Macauley's dream in regard to the New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's from the relics of London Bridge will be nearly literally fulfilled. This machine is being made with one express purpose—that is, to destroy British soldiers, British vessels and British buildings. It's an infernal machine." * * *

One of the the gentlemen put into the machine a few shovelfuls of hard earth; the other worked the levers, and there came out two very nicely shaped bricks. Then four bricks made the day before were put in the box. The levers were borne upon once more, and then there came out only two bricks. The four bricks had been compressed into two "You see," said the gentleman, "there is a great pressure upon the clay, a pressure of 20 tons, and we get that by means of improved eccentrics, heavy castings and the increased power given by means of the reduced fulcrum." The reporter saw that, but he could not see anything infernal as yet. Then the two gentlemen rolled up their sleeves and went to work, every one of their movements eagerly watched by the reporter. They procured some clay of a grayish color, and they moisted it just a little in a bucket; then they worked it up in a manner something like tho ladies knead dough. An iron pot was standing near by, and there was in it a lot of sawdust soaking in some liquid. One of the gentlemen took a large iron spoon full of this mixture, and dropped it in among the soft clay. Then there was more kneading and mixing. At last the mixture was complete. The mass of clay was thrown into the mould box of the machine, the cover was let down, the levers were again worked, and again there came out two bricks. "There's your infernal machine!" exclaimed both gentlemen, pointing at the bricks.

In answer to a question the reporter was informed that the sawdust put in was steeped for a day in glycerine, and after this process the sawdust has the same explosive qualities as gun cotton, which can be made the same way. The bricks made then were heavily charged with glycerine and were highly explosive. Millions of these bricks are to be made, not in this country, but in England. There are to be built at least 200 of those machines and they will be taken over to London and sold to as many gentlemen living in as many parts of the metropolis of the world. Each gentleman who gets one of these machines is to be a tried and true member of one of the powerful secret Irish organizations and upon receipt of the macnine he will immediately hang out his sign and begin a brickmaking establishment, and they will be furnished funds enough to carry on the business in such a manner that the dynamite bricks will be as cheap as the ordinary ones. The brickmakers are to make extremely low bids for Government work, laying Government sidewalks and repairing the brick walls of Goverment building. All London will be liable to go off at any time

The bricks made as thus described will not explode upon being broken in an ordinary way, but there will also be made millions of bricks of a different kind. These bricks will resemble the others, except that they will be more heavily charged with nitro glycerine, which will be stored inside of them in a compact lump. A small and intricate piece of clock-work will also be inserted. The clockwork is composed of cogwheels and springs, with a mainspring attached to a sort of needle-drill, very small and made of steel. The clockwork is placed in a brick and wound up for a certain length of time. When that time expires the main-spring unwinds rapidly and works the little drill, driving it into the solid ball of nitro-glycerine, which immediately ignites and "bang it goes off." One of these bricks placed near the wall of a building made of the other brick is all that is needed. With the explosion of this brick all the other bricks also explode.

Another way in which these bricks can be murderously used is suggested. A wagon may come along the street with a load of bricks on board. The bricks are laid upon the sidewalk in front of one of the buildings in which great personages meet Nobody notices them. The small boys can throw them around. The London police can examine them. Nothing will be found wrong. One of the conspirators can wind up his brick and deposit it in the pile and walk away When the time is up the machine unwinds the little drill begins to dart into the little ball of dynamite, and then the entire pile explodes and blows up the surrounding buildings.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

A Party of Twenty Men Under an Oak Tree.

CHARLESTON, Aug. 8.—Further details of the catastrophe by lightning in Darlington County show that a party of 20 white men working on the public highway stopped under an oak tree to rest and shelter themselves from the sun Clouds were visible at a distance and rain was falling some miles away, but in the immediate locality the sun was shining, the sky was clear and nothing indicated the presence of electricity. One of their number had stepped off a few yards for water, when suddenly a terrific crash startled him, and turning, he beheld his companions, some dead, some completely paralyzed, and others wounded and struggling in the throes of death. J. M. Mazingo, Rufus Mazingo, Will Water, and John B. Gatlin were killed outright. These were all young men, recently married. Twelve others were struck and more or less stunned and mutilated, some probably fatally injured. There was a heavy fall of rain about an hour later

SHREWD SPECULATIONS.

How National Banks Realized Profits on Continued 5 Per Cents.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9—For some time past, but more particularly within a few days, there has been large purchases, up into millions, of old United States 5 per cent. coupon bonds not extended, at 101½. These bonds are called in for August 12, and on that date will be worth, principal and interest, 101.40, and while there is apparent loss in these transactions, there is a real profit when the whole affair is explained. Some parties here, including prominent National Banks, put in a request to have large amounts of bonds extended, which request the Department granted, although the bonds were not deposited at the time. The large purchases alluded to are to complete the delivery of these bonds by August 12, or in other words to cover up the short interest on the old 5s. The parties making these operations sold the extended bonds at 102 and upward, and as will now be seen have made quite a profit. It is stated that one National Bank made operations of this kind to the extent of $29,000,000.

DEADLY LOVE POTION,

A Young Man is Crossed in Affections by His Parents,

His Sweetheart is Similarly Despairing and Miserable and Sick,

And Together They Calmly Absorb Some Twenty Grains of Morphine.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—The Inter Ocean says: A suicide in which love, parents' remonstrances, and morphine played leading parts occurred in the unromantic district about Sedgwick and Sullivan streets, yesterday The young lover in the case was Robert Hottinger, a slender youth of 18 years, the son of Anton Hottinger, a druggist at No. 316 Sedgwick street. The sweetheart is Katie Hill, a girl of 17 Summers, not at all beautiful, and possessed of a reputation far from enviable, though likely she is belied. At any rate, for two years past, Robert has been assiduous in his attentions to her, and there is every reason to believe that his affections were returned by the beloved one. Katie is the daughter of an artist of the whitewash brush, who died about two weeks ago, and lives in the rear part of a house at No. 2 Sullivan street, a sort of an alleyway running from Sedgwick street to Clybourn avenue. The parents of Robert were positive in their opposition, but their endeavors to wean the young man from his love were vain and fruitless. A few days since, Otto Hottinger, an elder brother, running a drug store at Grand Island, Neb., came here on a visit, and the opportunity was seized by the parents. They hoped to induce Robert to go with Otto to Nebraska, and thus separated from Katie they had but little doubt that he would forget her.

Their plans were frustrated, by the son's refusal to go, and many quarrels ensued over the matter. The young couple then determined to try for themselves, and Katie went to work in a cloak factory. Being used to house work, yet the steady treading of the sewing-machine, made still more severe by the extreme heat, overcame her, and she returned home Wednesday afternoon sore and sick. The same afternoon Robert was engaged about the fire on North Halsted street, in helping friends move their property to a safe place. He came home shortly before 5 o'clock, tired and exhausted, and in a condition hardly commendable, as he had indulged very freely in beer About the same time he received word that Katie was ill, and he made up a bottle of medicine for her. The medicine he delivered himself personally, and, feeling tired, he laid himself down on the sofa. In this condition he was soon asleep, and was awakened by his father, who had followed him over The father scolded, and the two left the house together. At home Mrs Hottinger aided her scolding voice, and hot words passed between mother and son, and the latter pushed her against the ice box in his recklessness. The father then interfered, and the subject was dropped.

Though quiet, Robert was determined, and after fooling about the bottles in his father's drug store, finally went away. He took with him a bottle containing about 30 grains of morphine. This he mixed with some wine and brought the stuff to the Hill domicile. Katie was still quite ill, and he gave her one-half of what was in the bottle.

Both drank together out of wine glasses, after a whispering talk

In the morning Robert was found to be suffering, and Dr. Banga was called at 8 o'clock. An examination revealed to the practiced eye of the physician what had happened and he began questioning the love-sick youth.

"You have been taking morphine!" said the doctor, half question.

"Yes, I took 20 grains," feebly responded the dying youth.

"Did the young lady take morphine with you?"

"We took it together at 8 o'clock last night. We wanted to die together, if we could not live together."

Galvanic batteries, emetics, and every known remedy were tried, but, after horrible contortions produced by the electric machine, violent wrenching of the stomach by the emetics and much suffering, the young man died at noon. Drs. Schreimer and Geiger were also in attendance.

VOMITO IN MEXICO.

The Government Offering $100,000 for a Good Cure.

CITY OF MEXICO, Aug. 9.—A special consultation of leading physicians has been called to consider and devise means of suppressing the vomito along the Gulf coast, where it is raging with unusual violence, and is much more fatal than it has been in many years. Its fatal form this season seems to have attacked natives and foreigners indifferently, and the usual treatment has been without effect. Its appearance has been sudden, and its ravages so widespread as to demand legislative action and to create anxiety among the authorities. There have been no less than nine deaths reported from the Town of Merida since the appearance of the disease was first noticed three days ago.

So great has been the loss of life at Vera Cruz that the Legislature of that State has offered a reward of $100 000 for the discovery of any satisfactory or reasonably successful antidote to the poison. A Cuban physician from Havana believes he possesses an antidote and he has been allowed to conduct a series of experiments, under Government supervision, for the purpose of testing the merits of his remedy and his system of treatment. The experiments are not completed, and it is not known with what success they have met.

Patrick Crowe.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—Patrick Crowe arrived in Chicago and talked quite freely about his plans. He disclaims any connection with the Palmer House meeting. He alleges the original skirmishing funds, of which he claims to have been the originator some years ago, has been squandered. Crowe and some fellow-patriots last year demanded a reckoning by the managers of the fund, and failing to get it they organized a separate body of United Irishmen and started a new fund, which has amounted to about $9 000 or $10,000, and has been religiously devoted to harrassing England and preparing for the total extinction of her greatness

THE CALIGRAPH.

The Business Man's Assistant, and the Weary Writer's Boon.

The Caligraph facilitates the discharge of business by making it possible to write four letters in the time, and with the labor now required to write one. For the lawyer, the merchant, the banker, the manufacturer, the agent, it is simply indispensable. The man who has one of these wonderful little inventions is put far ahead of his competitor who has none, because he is able to dispatch so much more business in the same time, and with less draft upon his energies.

No man is too old, and no child who can read, too young to learn to operate one of these machines. Men who are too old to use a pen, or have become incapacitated from so doing by nervousness or disease find the Caligraph as grateful a boon to them as spectacles are to him whose sight is failing, or a cane to the lame.

The time is not far distant when only letters, papers and documents written by the Caligraph will be received by any business or professional man. Pen writing will be as little tolerated as traveling by stage-coach and transporting wheat to market in four horse Conestoga wagons.

The price has been cut down so low that a Caligraph is now within reach of every one who has much writing to do.

A postal card sent to the American Writing Machine Company, No. 213 W. 31st street, New York City, N. Y., will obtain price list, descriptive circulars, and all desired information.

What He has Done.

Oil City Derrick.

Hoop skirts are being revived Another effect of Jeff Davis's book, probably.

HAIR RESTORER.

THE Admiration OF THE WORLD.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S Hair Restorer IS PERFECTION!

For RESTORING GRAY, WHITE or FADED HAIR to its youthful COLOR, GLOSS and BEAUTY. It renews its Life, strength and growth. Dandruff quickly removed. A matchless Hair Dressing. Its perfume rich and rare. Sold by all Druggists.

Established over 40 years.
Enormous and increasing sales Throughout Europe and America.

ZYLO BALSAMUM (Mrs. Allen's)

A lovely tonic and Hair Dressing. It removes Dandruff, allays all itching, stops falling Hair and promotes a healthy growth with a rich, beautiful gloss, and is delightfully fragrant. Price Seventy-five Cents in large glass stop Bottles. Sold by all Druggists.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, August 10 '81.

Money in New York worked easy during the week at 2½@3 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@4 per cent. Sterling exchange was steady at $4.84½ for short and $4 82½ for long. Governments opened firm in the beginning of the week, but at the close was more quiet. Railroad bonds steady with a fair demand. State securities ruled dull with the exception of Louisiana consols, which were strong. There was no particular feature to note in the stock market. Dealing was of only fair proportions, but there was a pretty firm feeling throughout.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 2½@3 per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 3@4½ per cent. Bar silver, 111½c. Exchange steady; actual business, $4.82¾ for long and $4 84½ for sight. Government Bonds quiet and unchanged. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds in light request. Stocks—since 11 o'clock the market continued to improve until nearly midday, when there was a fractional reaction in almost the entire list. Transactions are on an unusually small scale and fluctuations as a rule were trifling.

Government bonds—U. S., 6's extended, 102½; U. S. 5's extended, 102¼; 4½'s coupons, 114½; 4's, coupons, 116½ Pacific 6s of 95, 131 bid.

STATE STOCKS

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	73½	73½	75	74¾	75½	72
New Tennessee's	73	73½	74	74½	73	72
Old Virginia's	36	37	37	36	36	36
Va. con. 3s, dif'd	16	17	16⅝	16	16	16
Missouri 6's	102	102	112	112	112	112
Louisiana 7's	64	65	69½	70	71	69

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U.S. 6's extend.	102½	102½	102⅝	102⅝	102⅝	102⅝
U. S. 5's extend.	102⅜	102	102	102⅛	102⅛	102⅛
U. S. 4½'s, coup.	114⅜	114⅜	114½	114¼	114¼	114½
U. S. 4's, coup.	116¼	116⅜	116⅜	116⅜	116⅜	116⅜
Sterling, sight.	484½	484½	484½	484½	484½	484½
Sterling, 60 days	480½	480½	480½	480½	480½	480½
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130	130	130	130	130

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

Loans, increase	$1 486 400
Specie, decrease	4 552 500
Legal tenders, decrease	871 800
Deposits, decrease	4,435,200
Circulation, increase	117 700
Reserve, decrease	4,256 200
Surplus reserve, decrease	

The Banks now hold $5,745,220 in excess of legal requirements.

De Lesseps Canal Company has made a contract with New Orleans party for $48,000,000 worth of supplies. Work on the Canal will be vigorously pushed in the Fall.

The business of the Sub-Treasury for the week ending Monday night includes the receipt of $8,760 947 and the payment of $8,947,032. The result is a gain to the general balance of $8,363,914, and leaves it at $82,754 664 against $79,400,700 July 29. The particulars of the week are a coin gain of $8,935,053 and a currency loss of $571,139. The receipts, however, include $200,000 gold coin from San Francisco, so that the gain from the local market is only $8,163,114.

A financial journal of London thinks that American bonds to the amount of $15,000,000, instead of cash, will be used to liquidate English debts in the United States.

The United States Treasury at Washington on Monday received $150,000 National Bank notes for redemption The customs receipts were $669,687, and the internal revenue receipts were $838,622. The Clearing House statement on Monday was as follows: Exchanges, $128,912,000; balances, $6,623,694. The transactions at the Sub-Treasury covered: Receipts, $1,281,678; payments, $929,666; currency balance, $4,764,217; coin balance, $78,200,447.

DRY GOODS.

There was no particular change to note in the dry goods markets for the week just closed in comparison with last week. A good, firm tone prevails, and the distribution of goods has been steady and liberal, and a rapid improvement in the order demand is anticipated. On some styles of men's wear woolens fair duplicates are being received and moderate lots are also being sold from stock. Flannels, blankets, hosiery, shirts and drawers, worsted dress goods, shawls, cloakings, felt skirts, fancy knit woolens, etc., have been moving steadily and in considerable quantities on new account at the firm established prices. Some styles of the same are in quite active and liberal delivery on back orders. In plain and colored cottons of the most desirable makes supplies are to exceedingly satisfactory shape, and selling values firm and buoyant in tendency, with a good average request current for the same in the way of new trade. Ginghams have been moving very actively since the opening, and the season's product of several of the leading makes has already been placed. New dark fancy prints of desirable styles and popular makes have also been in very good request at the current prices. With each day's remove business in both cottons and woolens also seems to become more active with the jobbers, and a large and early trade is anticipated by them—probably the most healthful and prosperous that they have had in years.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co., Boston, says of the wool market: The sales of the past week have largely exceeded our expectations, amounting to 2,011,900 lbs of all kinds, because dealers generally complained of a quiet market, and they will scarcely realize, until they see it in print, that the transactions have been such a fair average. At the same time the market is not a satisfactory one. Buyers appear to be indifferent, are endeavoring to force down fleeces to lower figures, and in some instances have succeded in obtaining concessions of 1@2c ₩ ℔ on fine fleeces, a reduction which, if submitted to generally, would not pay the cost of but very little of the wool now on hand. Most holders, however, are firm and are not disposed to force sales at present, as they are confident of a more favorable market a few weeks later. The position of the trade is much better than at this time last year. Goods have been selling well, and a satisfactory trade is looked for.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio, Virginia and Pennsylvania fleeces, X, XX and XX and above 40@42½c; Michigan X, 39@40c; Ohio No. 1, 43@47c; combing and delaine, 47½@48c; Territory, 12½@30c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 20@32c; California spring, 26@33c; California fall, 19½@25c; super and I pulled, 29@47c; scoured, 39½@69½; noils, —@—.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Boston, says the Shoe and Leather Reporter, there is no particular change to note in the boot and shoe trade. Jobbers are urgently calling for their goods, and are impatient at the delay. Duplicate orders are coming in satisfactorily and a large trade is anticipated. In New York there was a slight increase in business, and all branches were more busily engaged than for some time past. In Philadelphia the course of trade is about as on last week. Fair contracts have been made for the finer and better qualities of French kid button boots for ladies and misses.

D. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

Endorsed and recommended by the medical profession. For Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, Nervous Prostration, and Convalescence from Fevers &c.

GENTLEMEN: I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I received almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my nervousness was not permanently abated. I have used